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The Shape of Things

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DETAILED REPORTS ON THE PANAY SINKING make it clear not only that the attack was deliberate but that it was instigated by the extremist wing of the Japanese militarists for the purpose of advancing the fascist cause within Japan. The possibility of a "mistake" no longer exists. Survivors have testified that after the Panay had been bombed, the nine Japanese planes dived so low that they could not possibly have failed to recognize the American flag and machine-gunned the ship and the small boats carrying those attempting to escape. It has also been established that a Japanese motor boat fired on the Panay and that officers from the boat boarded the American craft before it sank. Although at first there seemed to be no possible motive for a deliberate attack on an American naval vessel, it is now evident that the attack was planned by a group headed by Colonel Hashimoto, one of the leaders of the 1936 military coup in Tokyo. The extremists with whom Colonel Hashimoto is associated have long been restive under what they consider the excessively "timid" policies of the elder military leaders, and doubtless hoped to utilize the Panay incident as a springboard for the seizure of greater power. The fact that Colonel Hashimoto has not been disciplined for his part in the affair may testify to his correct appraisal of the present political situation in Japan.

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EXTREMISTS WITHIN THE JAPANESE ARMY also appear to have been responsible for the wholesale atrocities and vandalism committed by the Japanese after the capture of Nanking. Never in modern times, with the possible exception of the Italian massacres in Ethiopia, has an army worked such havoc. F. Tillman Durbin, the New York *Times* correspondent in Nanking, reported the wholesale execution of all soldiers and men suspected of being soldiers, and asserted that "civilian dead were to be found on every street." He added that "the Japanese looting amounted almost to plundering of the entire city." Whether the Emperor and the military leaders who advise him can reassert their authority over the army remains to be shown by the events of the next few weeks. Meanwhile there is real danger that the United States in seeking to play a lone hand will become involved in a futile but heated controversy over "national honor" and the "rights" of American citizens which may

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lead to war. To avoid this risk, immediate steps should be taken toward cooperating with the other powers to "quarantine" the plague of lawlessness which is daily becoming more threatening to world peace.

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WE DO NOT LIKE THE LUDLOW RESOLUTION proposing a constitutional amendment for a national referendum on war. The Congressmen who voted to get the resolution out of committee were acting in response to a highly laudable impulse—the impulse to place every possible barrier on the road to war. But their action was a gesture that fitted in with the whole atmosphere of isolationism that has shrouded the discussion of foreign affairs like the fog of a never-never land. The thing to remember is that while Congress has the formal power to declare war, conduct of our foreign affairs is in the hands of the Executive. We can, if we wish, take it out of his hands, or we can leave it there; we cannot do both. We cannot leave with the President the legal power to conduct our foreign affairs and at the same time tell him that he must act as an agent without power to represent his principal. Our criticism of the democracies has been that their foreign policy is weak. Surely, if the President is to keep our own foreign policy from being brushed away with contempt by the world's dictators, he must speak with authority. The Ludlow resolution makes the basic mistake of assuming that foreign policy is determined at the point of the declaration of war. It is actually determined long before that, at every step in the sequence leading to the decision about war and peace. To achieve its purpose the resolution should call for a referendum at every step. If it were adopted—which is extremely unlikely—the result would be to demoralize American foreign relations or else, as Mr. Buell argues elsewhere in this issue, to cause a President to act first and then set the propaganda machine in motion to win the popular referendum. This is an open invitation to irresponsibility plus propaganda.

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ECONOMICS IS SPLITTING AMERICA'S MAJOR political parties. That is the lesson to be learned from the fate of the wage-hour bill. The House sent the bill back to committee, which is in effect to shelve it indefinitely. The line-up against the measure joined Republicans, Southern Democrats, Tammany Democrats, and A. F. of L. followers in an unholy alliance. This is a startling forecast of what the future holds for legislation which challenges the owning class. The bill was by no means the best that could have been drawn. But while that fact was a matter of genuine concern to progressives, it was used by the reactionaries merely as a screen behind which they throttled any chance we may have had for wage and hour decency. This experience emphasizes once more the desperate need for labor unity. The farmers, keeping their ranks relatively unbroken, were able to get their bills through both houses. Thus Congress, refusing to establish the principle of a federal minimum wage for industry and the elimination of child labor, nevertheless embarks on a program of farm control representing a far greater degree of governmental regulation than the wage-hour bill ever embodied. The housing bill, passed by the special session, must be viewed as a token measure—a gesture to show business that our efforts to restore prosperity will put profits above everything else. Its actual effect on recovery is dubious, and the interest rate of 5½ per cent is by any reckoning excessive. Thus ends the special session. Its record should convince anyone that the clamors for Congressional independence were the stalking-cries of those who wished only to sever Congress from the New Deal. If representative government is to mean anything in the economic world of today, it must combine party responsibility with cooperative effort on the part of Congress and the Executive.

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ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE STEEL WORKERS' Organizing Committee were reviewed with justifiable pride at its policy-making convention in Pittsburgh last week, in which 1,000 delegates took part. Philip Murray, its chairman, reported the establishment of 1,080 lodges with nearly half a million members—and less than two years ago the Amalgamated Association had 7,000. The S. W. O. C. has gained a foothold in a sector of American industry hitherto considered impregnable, and minimum wages have been increased from 47 to 62½ cents an hour. It is a magnificent record. But even as the S. W. O. C. recounted its victories it showed its full awareness that its strength is about to be severely tested. In August steel production stood at 80 per cent; today it is below 30. As a result, 28 per cent of the steel workers have been laid off, 57 per cent are working from one to three days a week, and only 15 per cent are working five days. Moreover, the increasing mechanization of the industry will throw other thousands out of work. Within a few weeks the S. W. O. C. will begin negotiations for the renewal of contracts. Despite the decline in production and the fact that "little steel" has not given over its efforts to win "big steel" back to open-shop orthodoxy, the S. W. O. C. expects the contracts to be renewed. What is far more difficult is the problem of providing for the thousands who cannot have work in the mills because there is no work to be had. The obvious, indeed the only, answer is to press Congress for greater public works, especially housing, more adequate social insurance, and measures to stabilize hours and wages.

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THE CAPTURE OF TERUEL RANKS EASILY AS the most important government victory since the beginning of the Spanish civil war. Except for Brunete, it is the first instance in which the government has successfully planned and carried through a major offensive—the victory at Guadalajara consisted merely of a highly successful counter-offensive. Moreover, the drive was carried through with precision in the face of incredible weather conditions. For five days the loyalist troops closed in, sector by sector, despite a bitter wind and a heavy snowstorm. Airplanes, tanks, and artillery were

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coordinated with a skill hitherto unknown in the Spanish conflict. While Teruel itself is relatively unimportant as a city, its possession by the rebels was a constant threat to the all-important line of communications between Barcelona and Valencia. Its capture at a moment when the rebel propaganda factories at Hendaye and Gibraltar were speaking of Franco's "final" offensive, which was to drive a wedge between the two cities, is significant not only as high strategy but as a commentary on the type of reporting we have been getting in recent months. The inability of the rebels to follow up their northern victories or to withstand the Loyalist thrust at Teruel may be taken as fairly convincing proof of the accuracy of recent rumors of dissension within Franco's ranks.

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WHILE M. DELBOS'S TOUR OF CENTRAL Europe yielded nothing tangible in the way of alliances, it appears definitely to have strengthened France's position in all the countries visited except possibly Yugoslavia. Poland was found to be less pro-Nazi than was commonly supposed. Although the pull of the Rome-Berlin axis on Rumania was painfully evident, immediate abandonment of the pro-French orientation of the Little Entente seemed unlikely. In Yugoslavia a trade treaty was signed, but the visit was frankly disappointing as far as governmental policy was concerned. It revealed, however, that the majority of the Yugoslav people are unequivocally opposed to the pro-fascist trend in the government's foreign policy. As might have been anticipated, Delbos's visit to Prague partook of the nature of a triumphal entry. Without doubt the trip, coupled with the London conversations, has served to check the alarming decline of French prestige in Europe. Whether the lost prestige can be regained depends on a revival of the realism and courage which characterized French foreign policy in years past. Of that there has as yet been little evidence.

*

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY WHICH GREW out of the Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky presented its "verdict" the other day at a meeting in New York and simultaneously published a detailed summary of its 80,000-word report. The commission, although hampered by limited resources and much opposition, worked hard to assemble evidence to support its preliminary findings published seven months ago, and the document which has resulted from its labors is both an impressive defense of Leon Trotsky and an attack on the Soviet trials which resulted in his "conviction." It shows many damaging discrepancies in the charges against Trotsky; it shows the inherent improbability of his complicity in the crimes charged. But the same objections which were raised against the preliminary findings weaken the effect of the final report. These objections are basically sound: the evidence presented to prove Trotsky's innocence cannot be confronted or tested by counter-evidence in possession of the Soviet government, nor can Trotsky's testimony be subjected to cross-examination; and the commission itself is at least partly suspect as a partisan body committed in advance to a belief in Trotsky's innocence. It goes without saying that Trotsky has not been proved guilty by any process that could be acceptable to a dispassionate observer; but *ex parte* and extra-legal proceedings, however thorough, cannot prove his innocence. At the most they can produce an amplified restatement of the case for the defendant; it was a mistake to call it a "verdict."

*

SOFINA IS GIVING THE SEC A HEADACHE. Those of our readers to whom Sofina means nothing in particular are referred to an article on the Capitalist International by Eliot Janeway in our September 25 issue. Mr. Janeway was writing about the Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles, better known as Sofina—an international public-utility and electrical-engineering trust, with farflung holdings all over the world binding together powerful capitalist interests in England, Germany, France, and Italy. It is the identity of interest of these groups which has thus far been the most powerful force bolstering Franco's cause in Spain. Now Sofina is trying to extend its business empire in America. It has already bought into the Middle West Corporation, the remnant of Samuel Insull's former glory, and wants to buy more of it. The SEC, which until recently has passed on foreign holdings in American securities when they exceeded the 10 per cent limit, has just decided to make the limit 5 per cent. It must now decide whether it shall allow American utility stocks to be bought up by a powerful international combine whose interests lie heavily with the fascist powers. We can understand that the SEC would welcome someone with ample capital who would put the Middle West Corporation on its feet. We all want these utilities rebuilt. But we don't want them rebuilt fascist style. The SEC will do well to turn a cold eye on Sofina and all its works.

*

THE DEATH OF GENERAL LUDENDORFF IS not an event of major importance. In his declining years Ludendorff was not a living force; he was a memento of Germany's past. The world was interested in Ludendorff chiefly because he represented a significant type of German—stalwart, honest, religiously devoted to duty, humorless to a fault, but divided against himself and therefore falling short, always, of ultimate greatness. As a soldier Ludendorff was much more able than his associate and competitor Hindenburg. He was the brilliant tactician, the acknowledged brains of the Germany army. Yet it was Hindenburg who became the hero of Tannenberg and the President of the German Republic, because he understood human nature and appealed to the public's simpler emotions. In post-war politics Ludendorff worked side by side with Hitler for several years against the Weimar Republic, but it was Hitler who went on to fame and greatness while Ludendorff retired to his villa in Titzing near Munich to brood over his grievances. As the worshipful disciple of Dr. Mathilda Kemnitz-Luden-

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dorff, the fanatical, anti-Semitic Wotan-cultist who became his wife, he founded the movement for anti-Christian, anti-Semitic radicalism in the Reich, but the National Socialists took even that fight out of his hands and left him, ranting and ineffectual, on the sidelines.

America Must Choose

IN THIS issue we carry two important statements on American foreign policy. The first, by Norman Thomas, twice Socialist candidate for President, is a stern warning against what he feels to be the danger of collective action for peace under present circumstances. The second, by Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association, contains an equally vigorous admonition against the dangers inherent in the isolationist position which Mr. Thomas partially reflects. That two leading opponents of war can take such conflicting positions on this issue is indicative of the cleavage which runs through the country on the question of American foreign policy.

Yet despite this sharp divergence of opinion, the country must somehow make up its mind between these two policies. An attempt to follow a middle course between isolation and collective security would be the most dangerous of all. Vacillation and inconsistency only lead to fiascos such as the Brussels conference and the shameless conduct of the democracies toward Spain. The United States must either withdraw from the world, economically and politically, and rely on "the advantages of our geographic and historic position," to quote Mr. Thomas, or aid in the creation of an international system of law which will prevent war. Thus far this country has sought to enjoy all the privileges and advantages of its world position without sharing in the responsibilities inherent in those privileges. And to an extent which few Americans like to admit, the present state of world anarchy is the result of this policy. The utter lack of responsibility which so bewilders foreigners attempting to appraise American policy must be attributed almost entirely to isolationist sentiment.

While professing to believe in collective security in principle, Mr. Thomas asks precisely at what nation it should be directed. According to our understanding of the term, collective security cannot be directed at anyone. Therein lies the all-important distinction between collective security and a system of alliances. Collective security implies an agreement between a group of nations, which is open to all, by which each nation undertakes to bring pressure on any other which resorts to war in violation of its pledge. The United States has never entered such an arrangement, although its signature to the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact may be interpreted as imposing certain obligations.

It is highly important, however, to note that collective security does not imply necessarily the use of military force. The task of eliminating war from the world is largely one of developing non-violent substitutes for military force, to be used, when necessary, for the enforcement of international law and order.

But what if economic sanctions fail? Are we then to resort to military force to check fascist aggression? It is at this point that Mr. Thomas and many other pacifists draw back, assuming that there is some occult force by which economic sanctions are automatically transformed into military action—and war. We do not consider this a fair assumption. Economic and financial sanctions cannot fail if they are honestly applied. No country, least of all Japan, Italy, or Germany, can carry on war and maintain its population if cut off from all assistance from the outside world. Moreover, the application of collective economic pressure does not in any way imply or prepare the way for subsequent resort to military force. To take an extreme case, if a desperate, impoverished Japan seized the Dutch East Indies to get oil, economic sanctions, as Mr. Buell points out, would ultimately bring it to terms since it would still be unable to obtain adequate supplies of iron ore, cotton, wool, antimony, magnesite, manganese, tungsten, chrome, bauxite, tin, lead, nickel, and a number of other raw materials which are essential to modern industry, and without which no country could hope to wage war.

Admittedly, the prospect of joint economic action against Japan is slight. Mr. Thomas may be correct in saying that the chances for effective collective pressure were much greater in the Ethiopian crisis than at the present time. But what he does not state is that the weakness of the League in the early days of the Manchurian crisis, the failure of the powers to apply oil sanctions against Italy, and the collapse of the Brussels conference can be partly traced to one cause—the inability or unwillingness of the United States to cooperate because of isolationist sentiment. If this sentiment could be overcome, to an even greater extent than it has been in the past few weeks, there is every indication that Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union would cooperate in any program for the Far East that this country might propose.

Mr. Buell shows in some detail how the program of the isolationist groups, to which Mr. Thomas gives aid and comfort, creates a real threat of war. This threat will continue to exist as long as the United States, the world's greatest commercial and financial power, refuses either to join in collective efforts to prevent war or to participate in a program for worldwide economic appeasement. While the fascist powers are demanding access to raw materials and markets to further the solution of their admittedly grave economic problems, the United States is sitting tight, behind a high tariff wall, on more than half the world's gold supply and an overwhelming share of the world's supply of raw materials, refusing either to "divvy up" or to join in practical measures to protect countries like Ethiopia, Spain, and China. Because of the "advantages of our geographic and historic position" America is virtually safe from attack, but our refusal to join in any common action to protect less fortunate nations has created a condition of international anarchy in which no country can be safe.

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A Few Hyacinths

THE claim to permanence of the art projects which have been set up under the Works Progress Administration hardly needs to be argued in these pages, although plenty of testimony to their value will be found in James Wechsler's article elsewhere in this issue. We must rather find excuses for the fact that a country as rich and boastfully up to date as the United States should not already have, in the year 1937, a government Bureau of Fine Arts. Representative Coffee of Washington has proposed such a bureau in a bill sponsored by the Artists' Union and other similar organizations, which will presumably be acted upon in the regular session of Congress.

It is a commentary on the state of our cultural consciousness that we should have at last arrived at the conception of a Bureau of Fine Arts, which has long been an explicit function of government in most European countries, only through the back door of a relief project for artists who had not enough to eat. (We are above all practical: no hunger, no art!) But it would be an even more dismal commentary if by the same logic the art projects should now be allowed to go by default, as they are bound to do under the decreased appropriations suggested for relief.

The projects have already suffered as a result of the sharp cuts administered last spring. These curtailments meant drastic cuts in the services of experts, with a resulting effect on the quality of the work done. But the results achieved, despite all handicaps, indicate both the necessity and the desirability of putting the whole undertaking on a permanent basis. A Bureau of Fine Arts would be in position to make use of talented persons in need of relief. It would be able to pursue, irrespective of this factor, the larger purpose of gathering and conserving the basic materials of our culture, now widely scattered and scarcely known. And it would encourage the experience and practice of the arts not as an exotic pastime but as an organic part of our national life.

No one would wish to see a bureaucracy of art set up in which art would be the last consideration. This is the danger that lurks in any such proposal as Mr. Coffee's. But it is not a decisive argument against the bill. The standards of any Bureau of Fine Arts will be determined by the cultural state of the nation it serves, and one way of achieving higher standards is to set up an agency through which the public can educate and exercise its taste.

Concerted support is needed to bring about the passage of the Coffee bill. In this connection we are glad to see that the C. I. O. and many individual unions have indorsed it, for labor's millions have a whole new world to gain from a systematic husbanding of our cultural resources. The cost would be small—the WPA projects have cost very little in proportion to the work accomplished. Most of our national energy and wealth so far have been spent on the bread of commerce. Surely now we can afford a few hyacinths.

Lo, the Poor Republican

AMERICANS have a happy way of setting aside special "weeks" for their declining creeds and their lost causes, such as safety in driving, filial piety, and the like. As we write, we are in the midst of Republican Week, celebrated by a gathering of the surviving tribal leaders at St. Louis, the setting up of a commemorative committee of 150, and the donation of front-page space to what the Republican leaders are supposed to be thinking.

It all started, as far as we can recall, with the Hoover plan for a mid-term convention, which stirred up a sort of intramural storm. The convention idea was discarded, but the notion of a committee to draft a set of principles was salvaged from the wreck. Then a number of names were bruited about to head the committee. Thus far we have not been able to discover an important university president who was not approached for the job. This sudden passion for the higher learning on the part of the practical politicians, or for politics on the part of the learned prexies, disturbed some of us who had taken seriously the campaign against the Brain Trust, although our friends assured us that the issue was not involved. Nevertheless, we were heartened at the response that met the announcement by Governor Aiken of Vermont that "millionaires and college professors never won an election." Surely, we thought, the party will now get rid of its dead wood and build a new leadership. But when the chairman of the committee was finally announced, he proved to be no other than Glenn Frank, ousted president of the University of Wisconsin, who has ceased to be a savant and not yet become a party leader, perpetual candidate for the Republican nomination, a man whose windy generalities can be counted on to commit the party to nothing more than bad rhetoric.

Now, on the threshold of the regular session of Congress and the Congressional nominations for 1938, the plight of the Republicans is acute. The breaks they have been panting for have finally come: a budget crisis, a badly divided Democratic Party, a widened labor split, and—best of all—a brand-new depression, all neatly packed and labeled f.o.b. the Democrats. The problem is, how to make the best of those breaks? That is partly a matter of strategy, partly a matter of personalities, mainly a matter of program and direction. And the Republican plight is that they cannot come within a mile of agreeing on any of them. Where they have a good, rousing demagogue like LaGuardia, his direction is unsafe. And where they have a safe man like Dewey, his age is wrong. Lo, the poor Republican. He is compelled to face the future with a platform that is too old and a candidate who is too young.

The Republican is today a split personality. Within his breast there are warring factions and discordant voices. One says, let us rally around something definite and affirmative; another says, we must unite the opposition groups, and the moment you say anything definite you introduce division. One says, let us have young men,

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new men, who have not grown rusty in politics; another says, it is Roosevelt who has been using young and untried men—let us have men of experience and substance. One says, let us make a coalition with Democratic liberals like Wheeler and Clark; another says, if you must have a coalition, let it be with conservatives like Bailey and Glass; a third says, let us flee coalitions as we would the devil: they spell the disintegration of a party.

And, arguing thus—whether in convention, committee, or solitude—the Republicans face the dire prospect of letting their golden opportunity slip and muffing the chance to put to rout the divided and depression-ridden Democrats. Nor is there balm for them even in the unemployment figures—unless they can agree on how to take advantage of them. They have had all the breaks a party can desire from the largess of Providence—the failure of the court plan, the Black incident, the business recession. And yet when a coalition move is made in Congress, as was done last week by Senators Vandenberg and Bailey, it turns to ashes. The very Senators who have been calling for Congressional "independence," when they are presented with a harmless ten-point bit of fustian drawn up by the ineffable Bailey, take fright and refuse to be committed to a "manifesto." It's enough to break the stoutest heart. If even the mildish Bailey-Vandenberg ten-point program comes a cropper, think what will happen when Glenn Frank and the committee of 150 pool their intelligence.

The immediate Republican prospects for 1938 are probably proof even against that contingency. No matter what the strategy, they may be able to pick up enough new opposition votes to return one-third of Congress, instead of the less than one-fourth they have now. But the prospects for 1940 are not as cheerful. Breaking Roosevelt's popularity and the New Deal's prestige is an unenviable task. A good deal will depend on the state of the depression, a good deal on the state of the Democratic and labor splits. The capture of some of the tory Democrats, unless it actually splits the solid South, should not make enough difference to be decisive in the election. But the capture of the A. F. of L. becomes a matter of some moment. We note with interest that William Green has appeared on several of the lists proposed for the program committee. And it is an open secret that the Republicans have been making overtures to Green for several months. The danger for the Republicans is that once the A. F. of L. council shows itself openly on the side of the G. O. P. reactionaries, the federation's rank and file may be pushed over to Lewis.

In the long run, beyond the 1940 prospects, the Republicans are a dying party. They may win battles—in 1938, in 1940—but they must lose the war. In a declining economy such as ours, the choice lies between a party seeking through a New Deal of one brand or another to keep ahead of the forces of collapse, and a party striking openly for fascism. The dilemma of the Republicans is that on the one hand they are being driven increasingly toward a fascist position by the powerful interests of the economic groups they represent, yet are held back from it by the whole character of their ideology, which is traditionally liberal in the laissez faire sense. On the other hand, they are straining increasingly to broaden the base of their popular appeal, and are being held back by the roots of their economic interest. Until the time comes for their choice, they will be reduced to coalition maneuverings and convention conspiracies.

1937: The Three Wise Men Return to Pay Their Respects

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How Can We Escape War?

Neutrality Plus Socialism

BY NORMAN THOMAS

COLLECTIVE security is a phrase or an idea increasingly dear to such assorted Americans as Earl Browder, Dorothy Thompson, and the editors of *The Nation* and the New York *Times*. The League for Peace and Democracy (formerly the League Against War and Fascism) in its official program dodges the phrase but, following President Roosevelt's lead, advocates "the necessity of concerted action to quarantine aggressors," which if it means anything means to most people collective security. But what does collective security mean for Americans on the eve of the year 1938 of what is called by courtesy the Christian era? One suspects that its advocates find it easier to agree that those of us who disbelieve in it are "isolationists," "futile pacifists," "unwitting tools of fascism," or "Trotskyists" than to define what they mean by it or how they would apply it in the present crisis.

Now collective security as an abstract idea is reasonable, but we must consider it as a concrete proposal for action under present conditions, not under the conditions that prevailed at some former time or which may prevail in the future. The advocate of collective security must tell his fellow-Americans plainly how he would answer such immensely pertinent questions as these: Assuming that collective security is something to be achieved against aggressor nations, precisely at which nations should it be directed? Japan? Or Japan and Germany and Italy, the latter two being clearly aggressors in Spain? Who will be our partners in achieving it? Presumably the "democratic" nations. But which are they? Great Britain? France? Russia? If, as is probable, collective security should begin with economic sanctions, what reason have we to think that the sanctions would be effective, or if effective that they would be an alternative rather than a preface to war? If collective security means war, why should we expect that war to be essentially different from the first war to make the world safe for democracy, or likely to result in a better peace? How can the United States wage war without establishing at home a military dictatorship, universal conscription, and fascism?

It is because I have not heard, read, or imagined any remotely satisfactory answer to these questions that I reject the idea of American participation in collective security as enormously dangerous. I am aware of the difficulties of keeping the United States out of a war if it becomes a world war; I should prefer to keep war out of the world. But I object to being dismissed as an isolationist when I insist that we have a right to utilize for our peace the advantages of our geographic and historic position, and that it is more practicable to keep the United States government out of war than to use it in war for ideal ends. Moreover, if we fail, I think that those of us who tried to keep the United States out of war will have a better hearing from the potential builders of a new social order than those who must assume responsibility for another war with its tragic suffering and ultimate futility and disillusionment. I believe in cooperation for peace and the maximum possible isolation from war. Those who have turned deaf ears to every plea for cooperation for peace while there was time have no right to demand that I support cooperation for war.

From war and all its effects there is no complete escape for any nation in an interdependent world, but there is no fatalistic inevitability of history or economics which compels the United States to fight Japan, now or later. The assumption of the inevitability of imperialist war between the United States and Japan rests among other things on the refusal to see that our real hope against both imperialism and fascism lies in sanctions which some day the workers of Japan will join with their brothers in China and in other lands in enforcing, and not in the triumph of one set of capitalist powers interested in preserving the status quo over another set which wants to change it.

Let us look now in some detail at the bitter facts which make a collective security of democratic states in our crazy, capitalist-nationalist world a utopian dream. There have been many occasions when the omens for successful action by non-fascist nations to restrain an aggressor were far more auspicious than they are now. But nothing happened. Great Britain and France, probably alone, certainly with the aid of the U. S. S. R., by vigorous diplomacy and a discreet threat of economic sanctions could have blocked Mussolini's war on Ethiopia before it began. In the end, too late, through the League of Nations they imposed weak sanctions which only irritated the Italian people and drove them closer to their dictator. Even Russia continued to sell oil to Mussolini. And even Russia today is purchasing a new naval vessel from the fascist yards of Livorno. Simply by permitting the Spanish government the usual rights of a nation Great Britain and France—yes, and America—could probably have ended the fascist war in Spain before it menaced the peace of mankind. Great Britain, the same Britain which is now expected to fight for democracy, preferred to take chances on Mussolini rather than on any sort of social revolution in Spain. In 1931, before Hitler came to power and before the Japanese were so deeply committed to the Chinese conquest, it is quite possible that the League of Nations, the U. S. S. R., and the United States could have prevented the rape of Manchuria by economic sanctions or the threat of them. There

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was no remote approach to agreement among them. Why, then, expect them suddenly today to agree on effective sanctions against Japan, to saying nothing of Italy and Germany?

And if by a miracle they should agree on effective sanctions, including an embargo on cotton, scrap iron, and oil, would not a united Japan seek to break that blockade before it was strangled by it? Would not the consequence be a prompt attack on the Dutch East Indies to get oil? And could this nation, partly responsible for provoking that attack, refuse to aid the victim? It is dangerous irresponsibility, in view of all the probabilities, for Communists or liberals to do what I heard Clarence Hathaway do before the Negro Congress in Philadelphia: assure the audience that effective economic sanctions would bring Italy, Germany, and Japan to terms *without any danger of war*. On the contrary, the danger is so great that advocates of such sanctions at least should press for an armament program in the United States far more costly than our present billion-dollar military budget. "Collective security," in other words, means for the United States certain militarism and all but certain war.

That war would not be for "democracy." What is the common denominator of democracy which would unite Stalin's non-capitalist but totalitarian state with the capitalist but non-totalitarian states of Messrs. Roosevelt, Chamberlain, and Chautemps? Truly a new age of faith is upon us when men and women old enough to remember how we proposed to make the world safe for democracy in one war and got Hitler—or with eyes to observe events in India, the Near East, and tragic Spain—can believe in a crusade for democracy led by Stalin, Roosevelt, Chamberlain, and the French General Staff. As I write these lines, the British government is showing a far greater interest in finding terms on which Hitler may be satisfied than in building a British, French, and Russian alliance.

It is indeed probable that Great Britain and France may fight one or more of the fascist nations, but it will not be for democracy; it will be for their national and imperial interests. If the United States fights Japan, it will be for national "honor," to avenge some injury or slight, to keep a Far Eastern trade worth less than our annual military budget in time of peace. It will not be to make China safe for those Chinese whom we continuously and cheerfully affront by our unilateral exclusion act. The only service of our idealists will be to provide rationalizations highly useful to the militarists. Those rationalizations will be more sophisticated than the Wilsonian rationalizations of 1917 but not essentially different from them, or truer than they were.

To these arguments I have heard no plausible answers. The less romantic among the advocates of collective security meet the issue something like this: "We grant that the motives behind collective security may be mixed. Nevertheless, we should seek alliances now because sooner or later we shall have to fight Japan and probably other fascist nations too. This is a good time to get it over, before Japan has strengthened its position by its conquest of China. To defeat the fascist aggressors, from whatever motives, is the one essential to any hope of building a decent world in which constructive forces can operate."

This statement misjudges the probable effect of a temporary Japanese victory in China as badly as it misunderstands the cause and cure of fascism. Japan will probably be able to impose its own terms of peace in China. But not for long. It has the undying hatred of a patient people whose ancestors have always absorbed their conquerors. Guerrilla war, passive resistance, Communist risings aided by the U. S. S. R., not only in China but possibly in Japan itself, will still further weaken the structure of a nation already greatly strained by the economic weakness of its position and the costs of war. If foreign nations made war on Japan, the rulers and the masses might unite against the foe; the difficulties of gathering the fruits of a costly victory will have no such effect.

Fascism and imperialism are the products of our capitalist-nationalist civilization at a certain stage of its development or disintegration. They are the offspring, horribly ugly but legitimate, of the status quo which we are asked to preserve. Victory for the armies of Stalin, Chamberlain, Roosevelt, and Chautemps might remove certain dictators and might—or might not—encourage constructive revolution in the conquered states. But certainly in the victorious empires there would be no constructive revolution. The result, as our Communist friends ought to realize, would not be the world Lenin sought in 1917 but a world in which all the major causes of war and fascism would still be operative. Stalin might be among the victors, but not socialism or democracy. The unity of workers with hand and brain would still remain to be achieved. And in that unity lies our best hope of ending the division of men and nations into the houses of Have and Have Not. The chances are that a victorious United States, if not too exhausted, would stay in China to finish the work of "civilization" which the Japanese militarists had begun. Our government might take the devil's role of arch-imperialist. For, never forget, the victory of the United States, however high and holy our alleged aim, would with absolute certainty require the militarization of our people and the establishment of virtual fascism at home. And that fascism would of necessity be imperialistic.

Even today the War Department is ready for universal conscription, to draft us all for trench or work bench. The first and perhaps the greatest of the enormous casualties of our next war will be liberty and democracy at home. This will be the one sure consequence of the attempt to use the American capitalist government, in or out of an alliance, to establish peace or democracy by war. It will be a result not limited in duration to the war. No one can tell how long it would take a brutalized, exhausted people, drugged by war and possibly by the thing we call "victory," to throw off its chains.

Are we, then, condemned to do nothing? It is true that no means is at hand to bring to us or to the world the democracy and peace as dear to us as to any advocates

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of collective security. We pay, and pay a tragic price, for all our mistakes and lost opportunities since the summer of 1914. In any course is some danger and to any program some objection.

I should agree with Mr. Buell's program, as far as it goes, with two important exceptions. I believe (1) that his third point, an international embargo on raw materials, is today an impossible and dangerous version of collective security; and (2) that the desirable improvement in the neutrality law is not an increase in Presidential powers of discretion. Whatever praise is due the President's Chicago speech as a condemnation of aggression, it was an undemocratic gesture toward changing American policy, a gesture inconsistent with the President's preceding acts, and one which led the world to expect something more than another futile conference to add to Norman Hezekiah Davis's long and unbroken record of failure. Yet many of those most suspicious of Mr. Roosevelt's ambitions praised this very undemocratic method of changing our foreign policy in a matter literally of life and death to us all.

The stock argument that neutrality of the sort envisaged by our present imperfect law is of advantage to Japan as against China is simply untrue, unless, indeed, one believes that we should be ready to fight for the right to ship guns to China. This is what some of my Chinese friends frankly desire. In reality, to call this undeclared war of Japan's "war," to ban all loans, to prohibit all shipments of munitions to Japan as well as to China, and to make it harder for Japan to buy and transport other materials would diminish the advantage over China which Japan's superior merchant marine and banking facilities now give it. If the government would immediately enforce the neutrality law and withdraw our citizens and fighting forces from danger zones in the Far East, it would be in a better, not a worse, position to use such moral pressure as might possibly make for peace. Neutrality in a world war would impose economic hardships on this nation which should be considered and as far as possible anticipated. But those hardships would be less than the costs of war.

Beyond this program for the government, I heartily agree with *The Nation's* support of a popular boycott by consumers of Japanese goods. Properly conducted, such a boycott is not open to the objections to official embargos backed by navies.

Above all, any long-range program for peace requires an active struggle for a new social and international order impossible under capitalist nationalism. This alone can give the economic assurance to nations in the House of Have Not which Mr. Buell suggests that we should give to Japan. No defeat of Japanese militarists will mean much for peace in a world which continues to deprive not only the working class generally but certain races and nations in particular of sure access to the material means necessary for their well-being. The ominous portent of fascism but strengthens our fundamental analysis of the cause and cure of war. "Workers of the world unite" is still the best slogan for achieving a genuine collective security.

The Failure of Isolation

BY RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

DURING the past few years many American liberals have abandoned hope of building a world order which will prevent war. Appalled by the difficulty of finding a constructive way out of the existing international chaos, they now want to insulate the United States from "other people's wars" by a policy which may be called the New Isolation.

The New Isolation has at least four planks in its platform:

1. Economic self-containment, so as to cut the economic ties between the United States and the outside world. Although few liberals advocate the complete application of this doctrine, many have supported the idea that upon the outbreak of war the United States should prohibit the export of essential raw materials to all belligerents.
2. Conscription of capital in time of war; taking the profits out of war.
3. Continental self-defense.
4. A popular referendum before any declaration of war except in the event of invasion.

Despite the ardor with which the New Isolation program has been supported, it has already proved a failure. The movement for mandatory embargos produced nothing better than the Neutrality Act of May, 1937. This act prohibits the export of munitions in time of war but allows the unrestricted export of raw materials provided belligerents pay cash and transport such materials in non-American ships. Instead of cutting the economic ties of the United States with warring countries, the Neutrality Act, if applied, will make us an indirect ally of the power with the largest navy and financial resources —Japan in the Orient and Britain in Europe. In its present form, therefore, it is as likely to involve us in war as were the pre-war rules of neutrality.

The movement to draft capital and take the profits out of war has also proved a delusion. Despite its advocacy of anti-war-profits bills, the Nye Munitions Committee in June, 1936, quietly published a report which admitted that it is virtually impossible to take the profits out of war. "It is obvious," the report declared, "that the most important contribution toward victory to be made in the economic sphere is the bringing about of the tremendous and rapid increase in production that is needed. Yet it is extremely unlikely that this production will be forthcoming without the evils of profiteering. . . . Whenever the attempts to eliminate these evils conflict with the efforts to stimulate production, it is the former rather than the latter which must be sacrificed."

The idea of continental defense has made even less progress. For all our pacifism, our unwillingness to make any international commitments, and our supposed geographic security, the United States is spending a billion dollars a year upon its armaments. We have a navy and an air force as strong as that of any other power. Why do Congress and public opinion overwhelmingly support such expenditures? Not because of any plot of the muni-

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tions makers, but because of a feeling of insecurity and a desire to be prepared for any eventuality.

Faced with the collapse of these proposals, the New Isolationists are now turning to the idea of a referendum before a declaration of war. At first sight the idea is attractive, but American history gives no evidence that the "people" are any less belligerent than Congress. The only virtue of a referendum is the virtue of delay, but this delay may prove disastrous if it gives an enemy time to seize bases in Latin America and launch an attack against the Panama Canal. Confronted by such a threat, most Presidents and Congresses would ignore any constitutional injunction regarding a pre-war plebiscite and resist the aggression against Latin America, declining to admit that the armed clash which might thus result was "war." So long as the President retains any diplomatic discretion or the right to move the fleet, it remains possible for him to create an "incident" and work up public opinion into a war fever. Similar in nature to the prohibition amendment and the anti-war pact, the proposed referendum on war would have little effect on the foreign policy of the United States, while it would encourage fascist aggression elsewhere. From the standpoint of political theory it is well to remember that the dictators of Rome appealed over the heads of the Senate to the masses, that Napoleon III employed the plebiscite to legitimatize his coup d'état, and that Hitler solemnly appeals to the referendum to confirm his most spectacular acts. American democracy is not going to be saved by tying the hands of Congress in times of emergency; its future depends upon making Congress a more responsible and representative body.

Forced to admit these failures, many of the supporters of the New Isolation now show a spirit of complete discouragement. Some of them predict that no matter what we do, the United States will inevitably be drawn into the next war. Unwilling to cooperate with other powers, and unwilling to pay the price for the New Isolation, the United States today drifts along upon a rising tide of chaos. As the sinking of the Panay indicates, the relations between the United States and Japan may at any time develop a crisis. A policy of endeavoring single-handed to protect our interests in a war zone creates the danger of war.

It cannot be denied that the economic interests, the political institutions, and the security of the United States will be seriously endangered by another world war, whether we remain neutral or not. While most observers do not predict a general war in the immediate future, the fact remains that the powers today are spending nearly three times as much on armaments as they did in 1914. Recently the world has been enjoying an economic recovery based partly upon these unproductive armament expenditures, financed by borrowing. Sooner or later the limit of such expenditure will be reached, particularly in the dictatorships, which will be confronted by bankruptcy. What will they do then? Turn workers out of the munitions plants into the streets and run the risk of social revolution? Resort to a gigantic inflation? Or take the risks of becoming involved in a foreign adventure? Unless the present world trend is reversed, one need not be an alarmist to predict that during the next five years the world will experience a new war or a new depression of far greater magnitude than any we have known in the past.

The United States could conceivably escape the ravages of a new depression or a new world war by socializing its economy on a self-contained basis. But in view of our huge agricultural surpluses and the technological advantages of our mass-production industries, which can only be fully utilized through international trade, self-containment would inevitably mean a lowered standard of living. Recent difficulties in obtaining farm legislation and imposing controls on American industry indicate the far greater difficulties that would be involved in a more drastic reorganization of our economic life through democratic processes. The attempt to achieve self-containment would probably lead in the direction of dictatorship, and a dictatorship of the right. The experience of Germany and Italy shows that self-containment, or autarchy, can probably be achieved only through fascism.

As for the effect of war on our political institutions, the United States would probably submit to dictatorship if it entered another war. But there is also grave danger of its being led to sacrifice its liberties in order to keep out of war. Wars are caused as much by clashes of ideas as by clashes of economic interests. And the American people have never shown restraint in expressing their dislike of conditions abroad. There is something ironical in the fact that at the very time when Congress was debating the Neutrality Act last spring, Mayor LaGuardia, John L. Lewis, Hugh Johnson, Cardinal Mundelein, and Senator Borah were denouncing fascism in language more severe perhaps than that used by any responsible leader in France or England. America hates fascism today infinitely more than it hated the German Kaiser in 1914. Possibly we shall continue to confine our hatred to words. But to be logical, an isolationist should favor censorship of the press, newsreels, and movies upon the outbreak of war between foreign nations, for if American opinion becomes unneutral, the task of keeping the country out of war will be extremely difficult, no matter what economic issues are involved. Those Americans who believe that we shall not need to exert the very greatest effort to preserve our traditional liberties in a world full of raging conflict, are living in a fool's paradise.

It may be argued that the United States can remain indifferent to any war until an aggressor has actually invaded the Western Hemisphere. But this argument ignores the fact that if the three aggressive dictatorships—Germany, Italy, and Japan—succeed in their present efforts to dominate neighboring territory, and if they succeed in destroying the present balance of power in Europe, the task of defending this hemisphere from invasion will prove far more difficult than if such prospective wars are nipped in the bud. Moreover, fascism is learning how to make conquests without the force of arms. Today it undoubtedly is at work in Latin America,

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the world's greatest reservoir of raw materials. The Vargas dictatorship in Brazil denies that it is fascist, but the test will come when a revolution against the dictatorship occurs. Vargas will undoubtedly pronounce it "Communist" and even appeal to the anti-Communist bloc for aid. It is not fantastic to believe that the Spanish civil war may then be transferred to Latin America. In such an event the Latin American dictatorships—there are only three real democracies south of the Rio Grande—will gravitate toward Rome and Berlin, and away from Washington, if the world's great democracies continue to show signs of paralysis.

Obviously the formula of "isolation" or "neutrality" offers no answer to the tremendous economic, political, and military problems confronting the United States. Certainly the alternative is not a preventive war; the United States cannot be expected to accept any military commitments. The question is whether it can participate in a new effort at cooperation to avert the outbreak of war, for only in such effort is there hope for the future.

In my opinion, the United States can take four concrete steps at the present time, all of which may help to check the present trend toward war:

1. *Strengthen the Hull foreign-trade program.* Four years ago Secretary of State Hull was almost alone among world statesmen in his desire to combat the evil of economic nationalism. Despite domestic as well as foreign opposition, he has steadfastly pursued his goal of reducing excessive trade barriers without injuring any essential industry or adversely affecting the interests of the American worker or farmer. Up to the present the State Department has concluded trade agreements with sixteen nations, and on November 17 it announced that negotiations with Great Britain would soon begin. Those familiar with the attitude of Britain several years ago toward the Hull trade program regard this last achievement as a great triumph. While the British agreement will open new markets for the American farmer, the United States will have to lower certain duties on manufactured goods, and the interests adversely affected are becoming restive. But if public opinion strongly supports the efforts of the Secretary of State, the British trade agreement may lay the foundation for a general removal of trade barriers and for a new effort to bring Germany and Italy back to the world economy, as well as induce Japan to abandon its aggressive policies as a solution for its economic problems.

2. *Amend the Neutrality Act.* In its present form the Neutrality Act makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the United States to throw its diplomatic weight against aggression. Unwilling to assist Japan, President Roosevelt has declined so far to apply the act to hostilities in the Orient. He has been legally justified in taking this position because if neither Japan nor China is willing to admit that the present hostilities have created a legal state of war, the President is under no obligation to do so. Nevertheless, should Japan declare war against China, the President would be obliged to apply the act. Then both belligerents would be barred from our munitions market, but both could buy raw materials upon the cash-and-carry basis. In fact this would mean that China would suffer, for Japan is self-sufficient in munitions and, unlike China, has a merchant marine which can transport American raw materials. The act would operate similarly to benefit Britain and France in a European war. In its present form the Neutrality Act is unconditionally and automatically pro-Japanese and pro-British. The United States cannot afford thus uncritically to underwrite the foreign policy of any power. It should use its discretion to open or close its markets in accordance with its own interests and not in accordance with the accident of geography. To avoid the dangers implicit in the present act, Congress should amend it so as to give the President discretion to impose an embargo upon the export of raw materials to belligerents.

3. *Cooperate in an international embargo on raw materials.* It would be unwise for the United States alone to stop the shipment of any raw material to Japan. Apart from the political consequences, such a unilateral embargo might merely divert trade to other powers. But an international embargo on the export of such war materials as scrap iron, cotton, and oil, and on the importation of Japanese silk, is an entirely different matter. Britain has indicated that it will go as far as the United States in stopping war in the Orient. Surely the least we can do is to cooperate with all like-minded powers in denying to Japan the raw materials which are necessary for its military aggression, and in declining to buy Japanese silk, which provides the exchange for the purchase of raw materials.

The one argument advanced against an international embargo is that Japan might retaliate by attacking Hongkong, Vladivostock, or the Philippines, and thus provoke war. Actually, the danger of such an attack exists today, in the absence of any collective diplomatic machinery for meeting it without resort to military force. Moreover, once an international embargo was imposed, the Western powers could refrain from taking any military action to defend their possessions in the Orient, realizing that if they applied the embargo long enough Japan would have to withdraw. The international embargo, if the Western powers have the discipline and the restraint to apply it, provides a substitute for war. In imposing such an embargo I would favor evacuation of all our troops from China and the withdrawal of our nationals to the Philippines, thus reducing one source of friction with Japan.

4. *Seek a basis of appeasement in the Pacific.* In imposing an embargo denying to Japan the raw materials of aggression, the outside world should announce its willingness to assist in finding a solution of Japan's economic difficulties once peace is restored. The ultimate objective of our foreign policy should be a new Washington conference for the purpose of restoring China's sovereignty—and this includes the surrender of the special privileges of all powers—and of considering Japan's grievances against the outside world. If an embargo is accompanied by a definite offer of reconstruction, the Orient, and the rest of the world as well, may yet be saved from the anarchy toward which it is now drifting.

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Drawing by George Grosz

Manifest Destiny

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Il Duce, Tool of Hitler

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, December 3

TWENTY years after the war that was fought for, among thirteen other points, "open covenants of peace openly arrived at," diplomacy remains as secret as ever it was in the time of William II and Czar Nicholas. But perhaps we should not complain too loudly. In the charged air of present-day Europe an ill-timed word might well set off the dynamite. But neither need we look for wisdom to official handouts. We shall not know what Mussolini and Hitler told each other at Berchtesgaden in September until subsequent events—which fortunately do not, like diplomatic conferences, always occur behind curtained windows—have instructed us. Not one word of the conversations held between the two dictators has leaked out, and we shall probably never know precisely what was said. But luckily we now have other data—anterior and posterior—by the aid of which we may reconstitute the scene and make a rough guess about the decisions taken there.

As an individual, Mussolini is immeasurably more intelligent than his German imitator and ally. But he is more impulsive and lacks circumspection. In addition, he is less ably surrounded. There are no Schachts, Neuraths, Blombergs, or Goebbelses in his entourage. His best seconds are little more than nonentities. This explains, among other things, the alternating muddle-headedness and recklessness of fascist diplomacy. True to his revolutionary beginnings, Mussolini destroyed the framework of the previous regime and drove from office the competent and experienced men who had served it. In consequence, his administration is overweighted at the top and a vacuum underneath. Hitler was obliged, against his will, to take over the German state machine substantially as he found it; and despite the pressure of the Nazi Party, it continues to this day to be manned in the strategic departments by the "reactionaries" whom he found there when he came to power. But a general comparison of the two totalitarian states reveals a difference far more important, and one distinctly to the disadvantage of Italy: alongside of Germany, Italy is really a poor country; its resources in agriculture, industry, technology, minerals, education, and, not least, military spirit are those of a third-rate power.

The Germans, needless to say, are fully aware of these manifold shortcomings of their friends, and regard the alliance with them as a liability. They entertained a profound contempt for the military valor of the "new" Italy even before seeing it perform in Spain, and they have no illusions about the support they can expect from their ally in the event of a settlement of accounts with the old imperialisms. Moreover, they do not trust Italy. They have not forgotten or forgiven its treason in the last trial of strength. Besides, being realists, they are persuaded that geography and economics permanently condemn Rome to the rank of a second-rate luminary in the Western constellation. Nevertheless, Berlin welcomed, even solicited, the alliance. Totally isolated as the Reich was two years ago, even this shoddy tie represented a triumph. The irreconcilables within Germany — the Clausewitz-Scharnhorst-Gneisenau faction of the Reichswehr, for instance—mocked the Führer for progressing backward, for "breaking" the iron ring by welding it tighter. The basic aim of German policy was to wean Britain from its alliance with France; yet this friendship with the man who had so blatantly challenged Britain's imperial interests would only make the Western "democracies" huddle together more closely. The boasted triumph, they argued, was wholly negative.

Negative it was indeed, but it was meant to be. For though the advances seemed to be addressed to Rome, they were really intended for London. The Wilhelmstrasse was giving Downing Street a rude hint that there was some risk in ignoring the Third Reich. It was the new German diplomacy, already exemplified in maintaining the Treaty of Rapallo with Russia even while the Führer went on thundering against bolshevism, and presently to take the form of non-intervening around Gibraltar. The technique consisted in courting England by making desperate love to its chief rival. Whatever the critics might say, it was not ineffective. It appealed to that section of the British ruling class that blesses Nazism as an internal counter-revolution and refuses to take it seriously as a challenge to the international status quo. And it resulted in Lord Halifax's attending the Hunting Exposition in Berlin and lunching at Berchtesgaden.

It would doubtless be an exaggeration to suppose that Mussolini was so naive as to miss the real aims of his new ally. There was, as a matter of fact, from the start a shameless race between the poles of the famous axis to see which would, by irritating the British most, be the first to win their favor. Unhappily for Il Duce, he held up his end a little too well, and after his cavalier interpretation of the gentlemen's agreement of a year ago, and more particularly after his emergence three months later as the protector of Islam, the sporting sons of Albion concluded that the man was not playing the game, that he was in fact burning his bridges.

And yet it would seem, in the light of other events, as if Mussolini had really persuaded himself that Hitler preferred his love to that of Britain, as if he had swallowed his own propaganda and taken as gospel the drivel about ideology as a factor in international rela-

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tions. His past behavior surely requires a deal of explaining. What is one to make, for instance, of the fact that a statesman whose dominions contain the South Tyrol espouses the cause of treaty revision? That the effective ruler of a state with a restive minority of German blood, who should logically want the independence of Austria and a weak, passive Germany, lends his support to a fanatical nationalism whose credo is the union of all Germans? The merest tyro in European history and public life knows that there never was any room in Europe for two Caesars, and that the sheer mass of Germany and its position in the middle of the Continent would make the dictator of the Reich, whoever he might be, the Führer of all the Führers of Europe, past and to come. Yet Signor Mussolini dreams, and presumably dreamed five years ago, of reviving the Roman Empire of the Caesars, with an electrified Germany at his back! It would seem as if Il Duce cannot forget that Hitler was once his pupil, and that therefore he, Mussolini, must logically remain master.

If certain observers are to be believed, Mussolini had a rude awakening at Berchtesgaden last September. But he did not leave all his illusions there. He evidently came away convinced that the Germans were serious in their agitation for immediate colonies. So sure was he that at the earliest opportunity he broadcast his support of his ally's claims, thus fulfilling the engagement he had doubtless made during that theatrical four-day visit. It happened also that a German empire in Africa—at the expense of Britain, France, and Belgium—fits in very nicely with his own plans. It would keep the fat in the European fire, and prevent the dreaded rapprochement between the Reich and the United Kingdom. And it would give Hitler something to do far from the Brenner Pass. For, despite the rumored zoning between the dictators—a free hand for Il Duce in the Mediterranean and liberty of action for the Führer in Central Europe—and despite the stripping of the Roman protocols with Austria and Hungary to their barest political bones since the Belgrade accord of last March, Mussolini still has nightmares over Anschluss and the German inundation of the Balkans which that event would bring in its train. How could he feel otherwise as liege lord of Albania, Bulgaria, and the South Tyrol? So plaguing are these visions that some French political prophets have been heard to say that if Hitler could be quietly pushed into Vienna, such a development would be the salvation of Europe, for it would at once restore the Balkan and the Little Entente, and the Stresa front into the bargain.

Unfortunately for Mussolini, the Germans are not interested in colonies for the present. They have kept the welkin ringing with them for their ally's benefit and for Britain's benefit. But their heart's desire lies nearer home. Hitler called the Hohenzollerns criminals, or something like it, in "Mein Kampf," for squandering men and resources in Africa and the Pacific when there were so many more interesting places in the middle of Europe. Nor are the Nazis at the moment bent on repeating the alarming tactics of '34 for the sake of Austria. They have learned to be patient and bide their time. That is why the regimented German press flew off the handle when the *Evening Standard* of London and the *Yorkshire Post* let the cat out of the bag about the German scheme to lay off on colonies for a while in exchange for a free hand in Central Europe. The alliance with Italy can still serve for a space, and the Stresa front is not to be thought of. The Italians are such impulsive people. They are moving heaven and earth to have war tomorrow, at once, because they fear that with each day that passes the Wilhelmstrasse will get closer and closer to Downing Street and in that process snuff out the revived Roman Empire before it *is* revived. But the Reich is calm. In less than five years Hitler has wiped out the moral, juridical, and military decrees of Versailles without wasting a cartridge or a Brown Shirt. A little bit more time and he will achieve the territorial and economic objectives muffed by those blockheads in 1914.

What the Germans are in a hurry about is the Sudeten region of Czechoslovakia. They have reason to be. Unless they act swiftly and adroitly, there is serious risk that the bottle-fed movement will crack up and collapse, and with it the dream of annexation. As long ago as last May the germs of decay had begun to infect Herr Henlein's party. It was not only that repeated and resounding scandals were destroying its moral foundations. The agitation had thrived, as such movements regularly thrive, on unemployment and misery, but with returning prosperity its economic underpinning began to go. Reemployment was followed, in the customary fashion, by strikes. Whereupon the workers made the interesting discovery that this German People's Party was a subsidiary of the industrialists, financed by their money and serving their interests. Naturally Herr Henlein was a bit embarrassed at the prospect of defending the downtrodden *Volksgenossen* against his masters. There followed an influx of Sudeten Nazis into the trade unions. The climax came when the labor faction a few weeks ago broke away from the Henlein body altogether and founded a party of its own, proclaiming loyalty to the Czech state and its democratic constitution. Under such circumstances those who pull the strings of the Sudeten Party over the border have no time to lose.

Meanwhile the Reich is not putting all its eggs into Herr Henlein's basket. Negotiations are quietly going on with the government chiefs at Prague. The argument runs thus: You had better come to a peaceful arrangement with us. If we resort to force, who will defend you? The Yugoslavs? See what they did last March. The Rumanians have troubles of their own. The Poles? They detest you. As for the French, they have not gumption enough to defend themselves.

In Paris no one believes that France will commit suicide as a great power by letting the Czechs down. But as this article is being written, the radio announces that when M. Delbos passed through Berlin he was greeted at the station by Herr Neurath in person. Somehow that news item has a disquieting ring. But whether or not it signifies that the Germans have got what they asked for in London, and that M. Delbos is carrying the verdict to the victims in Central Europe, it is too soon to tell.

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Record of the "Boondogglers"

BY JAMES WECHSLER

II

THE four art projects of WPA dramatize an idea which is even more heretical than work relief for bricklayers. They disprove the legend that painters, musicians, writers, and actors prefer to dwell in the shadow of isolation and insecurity; they demonstrate that federal subsidies create conditions of work for the artist that give new impulse to his development, extend the scope of his efforts, and open to him new avenues of response. The aim of the art projects is to bridge the gap between the artist and society. Their record of accomplishment is difficult to appraise. It cannot be stated glibly in number of concerts given or of books printed, and it has been obscured by the rising political storm over relief appropriations. Fierce debates on the percentage of genius on the pay roll, on the worth of individual performances, have distracted attention from the crucial issue—whether WPA has created conditions in which the arts can flourish. For revealing answers to this question one has only to examine the record of the four projects.

The federal theater has created an audience for American actors, larger, more alert, and more devoted than anyone had dared to imagine. Since the project's inception from twenty to thirty million people have thronged theaters in twenty-seven states to witness performances ranging from T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" to authentic children's theater. Something like half of these millions had seldom if ever seen a stage production. To many the theater was an alien technique which proved strangely moving. Until a WPA unit played in Omaha, no legitimate production had been offered there in seven years. Even in New York City sixty per cent of the audience in the parks where the caravan theater performed was unacquainted with the conventional drama. Through WPA, Sinclair Lewis's play "It Can't Happen Here" opened simultaneously on twenty-one stages in eighteen cities. And 12,500 theatrical performances, exclusive of marionette shows, were given in rural communities.

Similar feats were soon accomplished by the other projects. By September 1 of this year an aggregate audience of 73,000,000 people had listened to the work of 617 units of the music project—symphony and concert orchestras, chamber-music ensembles, dance bands, opera groups, vocal ensembles and soloists. It became evident that an astonishing proportion of these millions, in rural regions and congested industrial cities alike, were hearing good music for the first time in their lives. Since October, 1935, the project has sponsored more than 90,000 performances, most of them well-attended. In Minnesota 500,000 people flocked to WPA concerts in the month of July; in Connecticut 246,100 attended the summer programs. "Pinafore" attracted 75,000 to Cincinnati's parks last September, and the conductor of the WPA band in Lawrence, Massachusetts, received in a year 6,000 letters of inquiry from school children.

Even more striking, with reference to the apathy which had hitherto prevailed, was the response to the activities of the art project. From January, 1936, to March, 1937, thirty art centers were established in the Carolinas, Alabama, Florida, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Utah, Wyoming, and Virginia, in regions which, in the past, had exhibited little artistic activity. In these fourteen months more than 1,300,000 people participated in the work of the new centers, jamming exhibits, listening to lectures, and receiving instruction. In Harlem a single exhibit drew an actual registration of 20,000 visitors. During 1936 alone the drab walls of public buildings throughout the country were covered with more than 500 murals. The sheer volume of work accomplished on the project is shown by figures for the year which report the production of 7,695 easel paintings, 1,511 prints, 1,462 sculptures, 102,105 posters, and a host of miscellaneous works. To estimate the audience for such diverse and abundant efforts is almost impossible. Among its members were teachers of art in remote communities who had never seen an original work before.

As to the federal writers' project, its publications range from the much-heralded guidebooks to such ventures as "Who's Who in the Zoo" and a series of educational pamphlets. They have already reached 1,200,000 people, and when the current publication program is concluded, this figure will approach 5,000,000. More than 100 publications have already been issued. A magazine to provide an outlet for original creative work is now envisaged. In some instances the response to WPA books has been so pronounced that private publishers have contracted for new editions: for instance, the sprightly "Almanac for New Yorkers, 1938" has just appeared under the imprint of Modern Age Books.

Although it is frequently asserted that the volume of response proves nothing about the quality of the work, this is at best a half-truth, at worst an expression of an anti-democratic tradition. Surely there is a causal connection between a large, attentive audience and a valid achievement. What the figures we have cited dramatically signify is the dissolution of those barriers between the artist and the people which have caused American artists to stagnate in poverty and despair.

The discovery of a nation beyond Broadway and Carnegie Hall has had another notable result. Not only

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is the creative worker finding an audience in his own country; with increasing swiftness he is uncovering a heritage which has been long neglected, sources of inspiration in the past and present which have been scarcely explored. Numerous researches into America's cultural past have been undertaken by WPA. Perhaps the most fruitful is the Index of American Design which is being compiled in twenty-five states, recording the decorative arts in America from their inception to the end of the nineteenth century. No comparable record has ever been attempted before, and the Index is destined to prove indispensable. More than 6,000 facsimile renderings have been completed for it.

Another rich reservoir of American expression has been plumbed by the music project. More than 2,500 primitive, indigenous folk-songs and tunes, ranging from little-known Negro spirituals to the early Spanish songs of California, many heretofore lacking in notation, have been preserved. That such recordings will have immense future value is indisputable; the important point is that, before WPA, nothing of the kind was being done on a large scale.

The guidebooks issued by the writers' project are a colorful illustration of this renewed emphasis upon the American scene. Baedeker had not published a volume dealing with the United States since 1909; hardly a guidebook of real value was in print. This lack pointed directly to a project for writers which would both arouse their interest and be of lasting service. The WPA guidebooks do not imitate the monotony of Baedeker. The writers have lifted information for tourists from the level of traffic directions to that of sensitive description and authentic history. Instead of solemnly listing "points of interest," they have tried to suggest both the brilliance and the ugliness of American life. Although the books naturally vary in quality, they all show that the writers have been encouraged to employ initiative and freshness, even to the point of irreverence, in setting down their record. At this writing three state guides and one for Washington, D. C., have been published, five are in galleys, and sixteen others are under contract for publication this winter. The Massachusetts book, rendered famous by Governor Hurley's protest against its sober reference to the Sacco-Vanzetti case, has already sold out its first edition of 10,000. Ultimately the contents of all the state guides will be condensed into a six-volume American guidebook covering continental, insular, and territorial United States. To say that these books may prove more fruitful for future historians than for casual travelers is praise rather than censure. Have the writers loafed—unwilling to work? By February 1 more than 10,000,000 words will have been published.

These projects, as I have indicated, have already found an immense audience. It was, however, often a crude and untutored audience, which wanted not only to see but also to learn and even to participate. The educational program accompanying the projects has been designed to encourage these impulses. Probably the most rudimentary example of this effort was furnished by the theater project, which sent supervisors into remote areas to direct plays fashioned out of the lives of the people and even acted by them. In several Oklahoma mountain districts drama supervisors assigned by WPA guided the production of primitive, vigorous plays actually created by the inhabitants. In four Georgia communities drama leaders invaded stores, shops, and back-country farms appealing for participation in theater productions. The response was widespread and intense. At the same time directors were instructed to assist hundreds of already existing non-professional groups. All these steps were planned not only to stimulate interest in the drama—a task which proved relatively simple—but to lay the foundation for a critical, well-equipped audience.

The education provided by the music project has been similarly imaginative, ranging from actual instruction to courses in music appreciation and experiments in music therapy. An aggregate of 7,689,406 adults and children had received instruction in Greater New York up to the end of last April. In Oklahoma every month 41,000 persons attend music classes. In more than thirty states teachers are giving group instruction, both vocal and instrumental, and presiding over courses in music appreciation, history, and theory. Bare-footed children walk miles for a lesson. Negro members of choruses rehearse late at night after their day's work is done. One Florida chorus patiently learned to read music although they had never been taught to read English. Such incidents reflect an awakening which deserves more than statistical summary.

Instruction in art has been carried on in about 600 centers in crowded cities and isolated towns. Groups have assembled in community houses, in orphanages, in hospitals, and other institutions. This teaching may bring to light only a handful of genuinely talented artists, but it will certainly heighten the perceptions of the developing audience.

WPA's adventure in the arts has not been limited by the necessity of achieving commercial success. Spurred by this circumstance, the projects have not hesitated to experiment and have often obtained notable results. Many of their innovations have won widespread recognition. Brooks Atkinson has called the "living newspaper" technique, widely exploited by the federal theater, the most dynamic contribution to the American stage in recent years. The Composers' Forum-Laboratory is another enterprise of more than temporary value. Organized in ten cities, these forums provide a channel for discussion and debate between the composer and his audience after the rendition of his work. Warm response to the work of the children's theater has stimulated a remarkable development in that field.

No summary of this length can touch on all the ramifications of an undertaking which started as government relief and has flowered into an "art movement." But certain things stand out and they are full of promise for the future. WPA rescued thousands of talented artists from imminent personal disaster and creative stagnation. WPA discovered an American audience, and that audience is being tutored. WPA endowed the artist with a

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sense of belonging to his own country. Of course there are perils ahead. In so complex and far-reaching an effort tendencies toward vulgarization, lowering of standards, and slipshod performance will undoubtedly appear. The surprising thing is not that flaws can so easily be cited but that so many obstacles have already been surmounted. The greatest hindrance to the success of the art projects is the continued insecurity which surrounds their existence—dismissals, wage cuts, acute budget restrictions. The personnel of the writers' project has been slashed from a peak of 6,700 to about 3,000. A disheartening effect of the economy wave on the theater project is seen in the limitations that have been placed upon its expeditions into rural areas. So long as the future of the projects remains precarious, susceptible to every drift in relief legislation, demoralization is bound to increase. WPA's record in construction was outlined in the first section of this article. Its service to American art—and hence to the richness of American life—is one of the brightest compensations of the depression years. "Economy" may temporarily triumph in Washington, but the surge toward fuller democracy which WPA has set in motion will not swiftly subside.

[*This concludes Mr. Wechsler's two-article summary of the accomplishments of WPA in the fields of construction and the fine arts.*]

About Coffee

BY HELEN WOODWARD

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother used to send me to the grocer to ask for a pound of Mocha and Java coffee. The white-aproned Süd Deutscher behind the counter thrust his brass scoop into a bin marked Java and into a bin marked Mocha. Then he poured the lovely brown berries into a bag standing open on the brass scale.

At home, just before each meal, the beans were poured into the squat wooden coffee grinder, and one of us turned the handle and spread through the kitchen the most delicious aroma in the world, the smell of freshly ground coffee. A big old-fashioned coffee pot stood on the stove. Into the freshly boiling water was thrown the newly ground coffee. A few drops of cold water to "settle it," and the coffee was done. Nobody ever said, "What's the matter with this coffee?" If you put enough coffee into the pot, it was good.

Only the most rigid honesty forces me to admit here —and how I hate to do it—that in those days coffee was shipped in the hold of slow ships from the Far East, and badly packed, so that much of it fermented before it arrived. We got so used to the fermented taste of our Mocha and Java that it is hard for us to be satisfied with any other.

Now coffee comes in fast modern ships, carefully packed and protected from fermentation. Once here, it is repacked; it is packed a third and even a fourth time; it is packed so much that most of the people who buy coffee don't get a chance to think about the coffee itself, they're so dazed by the packing. We get our coffee from the grocer in a nice shiny can, usually vacuum-packed, which means that no air can reach it. Yet with all that, it is true that coffee is not so good as it was. This statement I do not make on the strength of my yearning for old, fermented Mocha and Java, or because I drink coffee black and sugarless and so am very fussy. It is based not on a personal taste but on facts well known in the coffee trade.

The housewife experiments with percolators, with drip coffee, with Silex machines, and still most of the time the coffee isn't right. She is battered and bewildered by new packages and new brands, by advertising. Millions of dollars are pounding away at her with a blaze of music and speech. Maxwell House invites her to come and have a cup of coffee on an imaginary boat, intimating that because its radio tenor has a sugary voice its coffee is better than other coffee. Chase and Sanborn yells, "Look at mine; I've put a date on it and that's why it's better."

The chief claim made by the advertising business for itself as a social force is that it raises the standard of living. Sometimes, no doubt, it has done so. Unquestionably it had its share in improving bathrooms, housing conditions, and the quality of certain food products in the United States. But when it comes to a good plain cup of coffee, advertising not only has done nothing to raise the standard, but it has done plenty to depress it. Because it's the truth that in the day of the paper bag and the old-fashioned grinder coffee not only tasted better but was more digestible than it is today. And it was actually fresher.

The average American drinks 13 pounds of coffee a year, which ought to mean 572 cups a year. In England the average person drinks only three-quarters of a pound a year. Why, then, with this huge consumption, is the usual cup of coffee in America less good and less digestible than it used to be. Is it the method of making? Is it the amount of coffee used? Is it the source of the coffee? All these figure in a minor degree, but they played as big a part in the past as they do now.

The important cause of deterioration depends on something else. No matter how good a brand of coffee may be, many of its users are bound to grow dissatisfied with it. Coffee is an alkaloid and so is habit-forming. Because of that, one of two things is apt to happen when you drink it. Either you get so attached to one brand that you do not want to change, or else you tire of one

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brand and are always changing about. The reason you get tired of one brand of a habit-forming alkaloid is that you demand a certain satisfaction from it. You can't get quite the satisfaction you expect, and so you turn to another form or another package of the same product. But aside from this, there is a real deterioration in coffee, and often the trouble lies in the package itself.

The important thing about coffee is that it should be fresh. But what is fresh coffee? The green berry itself improves with age. But as soon as coffee is roasted, it starts to lose freshness. Still, as long as the brown berry is whole it keeps its strength pretty well. It doesn't deteriorate fast. But the moment you grind the berry, its strength starts to race away. The ideal fresh coffee is the coffee just roasted and just ground, and the fresh grinding is more important than the fresh roasting. William H. Ukers, an importer and authoritative writer on coffee, said in the *Tea and Coffee Trade Journal:*

> The roasted berry is constructed of fibrous tissues formed into tiny cells visible only under the microscope, which are the "packages" wherein are stored the whole value of coffee, the aromatic oils. Like cutting up an orange, the grinding of coffee is the opening of surrounding tissue and pulp.

If the matter is as simple as that, how does it happen that the consumer of coffee has been so confused? It is because the whole business of coffee retailing is a mess.

There are actually 5,000 brands of coffee sold in the United States, and all the national distributors are worried. There are seven types of distributors—the independent retail grocer, the general store, the mail-order house, the house-to-house wagon distributor, the special tea and coffee store, the department store, and the drugstore. Altogether there are about 400,000 places that sell coffee, aside from restaurants, and they sell a billion and a half pounds of coffee a year. Of this, the Atlantic and Pacific, with its 18,000 outlets, sells 125,000,000 pounds a year. This is more than any nationally advertised brand can sell. In their efforts to keep the pace they naturally intensify their advertising.

Chase and Sanborn coffee is Brazilian coffee and many people like its taste. But the strong point in Chase and Sanborn advertising is the dating on its packages. What does dating mean? What does it amount to? Chase and Sanborn used to be distributed in the way of all other coffees until it was bought by Standard Brands, which also owns Fleischmann Yeast. Since yeast has to be consumed and delivered fresh, Fleischmann has a system of small wagons all over the country which make deliveries frequently, perhaps three times a week, perhaps every day. Well, then, why not deliver coffee in the same wagons and save money? And why not, said some bright person, go a step farther, market the coffee with the date, and show that it is just as fresh as the yeast? A bright idea—so bright that it was hard to see clearly behind the glitter.

The coffee was to be delivered every ten days; all coffee unsold after ten days was taken back. But in spite of Charlie McCarthy, Chase and Sanborn coffee actually is less fresh than most coffee packed in an undated tin. This is why. Coffee in tins is packed by a vacuum method, which means that all the air is kept out. Coffee so packed remains fresh in the can until the can is opened. But because they were delivering "fresh coffee" every ten days, Chase and Sanborn decided that they didn't need the vacuum pack or the tin can. Instead, they ground the coffee and packed it in a fiber box. That costs three cents less to pack than the vacuum tin. Now, because of the depression, Chase and Sanborn packs its coffee in paper bags instead of cartons. It is true that no ground coffee keeps fresh, but it keeps better in a vacuum-packed can than in a carton or paper bag. But Chase and Sanborn, arguing from the undeniable fact that coffee ought to be fresh, goes on to prove that its coffee, ground and packed in paper bags for ten days, is fresh.

More reliable is the advertising of the Safeway Stores. Urging you to have your coffee ground fresh when you take it out of the store, it tells you that eggs and apples keep better in nature's package and so does coffee. Once you grind the coffee and put it in a paper bag, you might compare it with applesauce in a carton or broken eggs in a bowl.

Most experts agree that one way of making coffee is just about as good as another, but that if there is any difference, the drip method and the old-fashioned method of boiling water and then adding the coffee (no boiling after the coffee is added) are the best. Remember that the finer the grind the less dry coffee you will need; also that coarsely ground coffee loses its strength more quickly than medium ground, and medium ground than fine. As for French coffee, it isn't a different kind of coffee or a different way of preparation that gives it its harsh, bitter taste, and the French don't always add chicory. When coffee is roasted, it can be done to any shade from light brown to black. American coffee is usually medium brown. The French like theirs roasted black. That accounts for the difference in taste.

There are many products in which it is hard for the consumer to find out what's good and what's not. But about coffee you can readily learn the truth. It is your fault if you get a bad product. All you have to do is to buy your coffee in the bean, freshly roasted, and grind it at home as you need it. Of course if you are a busy woman you are not going to do anything of the kind. Few women voluntarily add to their labor in the kitchen. Well, then, if you won't, the next best thing is to buy your coffee where you can watch it ground and to buy it in small quantities, half a pound at a time, if your family is small. And if you do buy canned coffee, remember that it will begin to go bad the moment the can is opened. If you use up a can in a couple of days, it won't matter much, but if you keep it around for a week or more, even though the cover has been carefully put back on each time, the coffee will become rancid, indigestible, and unpalatable. Consumers' Union says that coffee keeps better in the refrigerator. The wiser thing is to go to the local grocer and buy his best loose coffee, and buy only a little at a time. If you do buy canned coffee, get it in the half-pound size. It costs a cent more, but it is worth it.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MRS. GLENDOWER EVANS, who died in Boston on December 12, was the salt of the earth—one of those rare and lovely personages who give one an abiding faith in the underlying nobility of the human spirit, however many Hitlers and Mussolinis there may be to offset what the Quakers would call her "testimony." Here was a woman born to comfort and wealth. Had she been like innumerable others similarly situated she would have been at ease in Zion, without the slightest sense of responsibility for the welfare of others. She would have led the usual Boston Back Bay life of complete contentment and smug self-satisfaction, marred only by such unpleasant and uncalled for happenings as strikes, the stupid inability of the working classes to keep their proper place, and the impudent demands of her servants for higher wages. Instead, her life was full of that wonderful richness which comes only from fighting the battles of others.

It was almost an accident that led her into reform movements. Bereft of her brilliant husband after only four years of married life, she was hopeless and adrift when a friend asked Governor Robinson in 1886 to appoint Elizabeth Evans a trustee of the state's "primary and reform" schools, as they were then called. The Governor sent for her and asked her if she was competent to fill the position. She replied: "No, I am sure that I am not competent. All that I have is time. I have all the time there is." The Governor had confidence in her, and for twenty-eight years she served upon this board, giving especial care and endless time to the boys who were under the board's supervision. To recall all the committees she served on and the contributions she made to the development of the correctional institutions of the state would be practically to write their history. Gradually even this activity did not satisfy her need or her desire to help the downtrodden. Soon she became involved in the labor struggle. Again by gubernatorial appointment she became a member of the commission of inquiry which sponsored in Massachusetts the first minimum-wage system. As the commission was handing in its report, there came the first great strike in Lawrence, to which she at once hurried. She always attributed the passage of the minimum-wage law to "the awful conditions which the strike revealed" and the arrest and trial of Ettor and Giovannitti.

By 1912 she was drawn into the work of woman suffrage and long campaigned for it, notably in Wisconsin with Mrs. Robert La Follette. Once these two women spoke for sixty-four consecutive days on a Chautauqua circuit. Largely owing to Louis D. Brandeis, Mrs. Evans became a supporter of Woodrow Wilson. She really believed in the 1916 campaign that Woodrow Wilson, if elected, would bring the war to an end, "make the contestants understand that the solution sought by each side could not be achieved, and that peace would come and the United States would be recognized as the great non-belligerent power." She said later: "The awful collapse that I experienced when Wilson took us into the war may be better imagined than told." In the second Lawrence strike in 1919 she joined the picket line, to the horror of the Boston public and newspapers, which were shocked at the idea that a Boston society woman could possibly side with labor. Returning from Europe in April, 1920, she was among those who threw themselves into the fight to protect the innocent aliens who were the victims of Attorney General Palmer's red raid in January, 1920. A United States judge in Boston, George W. Anderson, denounced the government's action as absolute treason to American institutions, and proved in his courtroom that the government's stool pigeons wrote the incendiary planks in the platform of the Communist Party and then arrested those who adopted it on the charge that they were planning to overthrow the government!

But the greatest appeal to Mrs. Evans's emotions was made by the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Outraged by it to the depths of her soul, she gave her unbounded sympathies to the innocent victims of that judicial murder. Sacco called her "my generous mother of humanity oppressed"; and "Goodby, Mother" were the last words he spoke as he sat in the electric chair. She wrote later: "I count my relations with both of these men one of the great privileges of my life. They were both of them great souls. But the one who touched me the most was Sacco. With his and Vanzetti's death, it seemed as if my own life went out." But nothing that she could do, or any of the rest of us who were conscious of that horrible miscarriage of justice could do—not even Ramsay MacDonald's intercession with Governor Fuller, of which Mrs. Fuller and I were the only auditors—could save the state of Massachusetts from having the brand of murderer placed upon it. There were many in Massachusetts by that time who had so come to love and trust Mrs. Evans that they needed no more assurance of the innocence of these men than her word.

I think Mrs. Evans's life exemplifies one of the best sides of the capitalist system—it was her possession of means, and therefore her complete economic independence, that enabled her to devote her life, not to the struggle for existence, but to the betterment of humanity. But she would be the last to say that that offset the system's evils.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Shakespeare the Surrealist

SHAKESPEARE'S YOUNG LOVERS. By E. E. Stoll. Oxford University Press. $2.

ONE of the least appreciated advantages of living today is that we are in a good position, for almost the first time in three hundred years, to understand Shakespeare. We can approach him not as oracle and demiurge but as poet and craftsman. To make this approach, to cut through the incrustations of theory and sentiment, our century can avail itself of two prerequisites—an accumulated knowledge of the materials and intentions of Shakespeare and a revived interest in the theater as a living art. Historical method and technical analysis converge in the interpretations of our leading Shakespearean critics—Granville-Barker in England, Schücking in Germany, Stoll in this country.

It was Professor Stoll who taught us the difference between characterization and psychology, between dialogue and conversation. With strenuous scholarship and witty insistence his monographs reveal Shakespeare depending more on impressionistic strokes than on careful documentation, developing plots schematically rather than organically. "Shakespeare's Young Lovers" now play into his hands, and students of human nature in the round had better turn back to the albums of Mrs. Jameson. By theatrical commonplace, the most shallow and conventional roles are invariably those of the ingenue and the juvenile. The heroines of Shakespeare's middle and later comedies, when we encounter them in two of the three lectures in this book, are individualized chiefly by the rhythms of their speech. It is a gallant effort to remember debutantes at a party by the things they said and the way they danced.

The first lecture sets forth Professor Stoll's thesis with all the sharpness of paradox: in Shakespeare love is not dramatized. Shrewdly the defense rests on "Romeo and Juliet" and not on "Antony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," or even "Measure for Measure." Romeo meets Juliet in a sonnet, theirs indeed is love at first sight, and it carries them through masques and duels, elopements and funerals, as opaquely as any medieval romance. A star-crossed instance of the malice of fortune, Shakespeare's play has the primitive outline of Brooke's poem. The rest is lyricism. Yet thereby it becomes "conceited tragedy," a sad story not of the deaths of kings but of private griefs, embellished with the very rhetoric of love, the literary commodity for which Shakespeare was especially noted. And, artificial as the result may sound to us, it represents a prodigious step toward dramatic flexibility and expressiveness—in short, toward realism.

If Shakespeare does not dramatize love, who does? Professor Stoll suggests Corneille. "The Cid" deals with the same issues as "Romeo and Juliet," although its emphasis is on the code of honor rather than the convention of love. Juliet chooses love and loses; Chimène chooses honor and wins. But the operatic spectacle of Chimène pleading for her lover's death is neither more dramatic nor more realistic than the picture of Juliet, when she suddenly turns upon the Nurse for joining in her curses against Romeo. Shakespeare, in spite of his deference to fate, has a more modern point of view, a more individualistic ethos, than Corneille. Ultimately, after the Restoration, personal values will triumph. Love will conquer all, the world will be well lost, and kings will abdicate for "the woman I love."

That is not too extreme an example of Wilde's cogent overstatement. "The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy." Hamlet may not have been flesh and blood, but he is an apt symbol for the mentality of Donne and Burton—or some of our contemporaries, for that matter, and occasionally ourselves. Real lovers may not speak as Romeo and Juliet, but surely a universal experience is incarnated in their debate over the lark and the nightingale. Shakespeare's creations are not—if Professor Stoll insists—copies; they are archetypes. They give classic formulation to the problems of the individual—love, jealousy, ambition, madness. They give epic expression to national ideals in the trilogy of the house of Lancaster. Through the somber recesses of the Roman tragedies they explore the relations between the individual and the state. If Shakespeare painted the seacoast of Bohemia, he also depicted the humors of Eastcheap—tavern and brothel, prison and forecastle, the seamy concreteness along with the insubstantial fabric of experience. "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."

The testimony of generations of Shakespeare's critics tells us nothing about his methods but a good deal about his effects. Instead of criticizing the painting they lose themselves in the landscape, discovering subtleties of detail and ranges of meaning beyond the dreams of the artist. Along comes Professor Stoll and restores sanity by pointing out that the mysterious figure in the distance is nothing but a fleck of paint. A few of his technical insights are worth pages of their sentimental revery. But latterly Professor Stoll has begun to imply that there is no picture at all, that it is merely an abstract composition, that the characters are absolutes, their conduct is irresponsible, and their language decoration. In place of Shakespeare the realist, he offers us Shakespeare the surrealist. This is a curious offer from a professed admirer of Watts.

In exploding the notion of a one-to-one correspondence between literature and life, Professor Stoll teaches a lesson not only to readers of Shakespeare but also to the Don Quixotes of leftist criticism. Romance is one thing and reality is another. But realism is something else again—the attempt of the gifted writer to bridge the gap, to transcend his conventions and attain momentarily, at least, the "illusion of reality."

Let us concede the autonomy of the realm of romance, recognizing that its own laws are incredibly strict, and that it conducts an active foreign policy and maintains busy avenues of communication with the contiguous realms of psychology, sociology, and ethics. The alternative theory is sheer escapism, and Professor Stoll—despite his evident lack of sympathy with the modern world—would not drive us to that. Acutely, some years ago, he stated the gist of the matter: literature does not reflect life, it refracts it. The task of sociological criticism is to determine, *mutatis mutandis*, the angle of refraction.

HARRY LEVIN

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Winston Churchill's Gallery

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES. By Winston S. Churchill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

THE extraordinary man who adds this collection of portraits to a list of books already notable possesses nearly all the gifts for authorship as for public life; and yet how unsatisfying is his position in England! His writing is like his speeches—lavish, animated, masterly in touch. He scatters good things all along the way. He has known most of the prominent men of his time, and his active memory covers half a century, but few among us can think of him as sixty-three years old. His company of twenty-one celebrities includes some who could have been named in advance by any reader who remembered that the author had sat in nearly every British Cabinet for twenty years, and a few whose presence can be explained by Mr. Churchill's habit of seizing every opportunity for one more fling at the men, the movements, and the theories that have incurred his wrath or contempt. Three of the living only are admitted—Hitler (not Mussolini), Trotsky (rather oddly, not Stalin), and Bernard Shaw. These sketches are not among the best in the volume, and the indictment of Trotsky is absurd.

In handling the pre-war leaders of England Mr. Churchill is vigorous and entertaining. His sitters have all been written about by intimates, yet in every case he has new facts to disclose, particularly about Arthur Balfour and Lord Curzon. He defends Balfour, I think convincingly, against the familiar charge of meanness or treachery toward colleagues in the Cabinet of which he was the head, and he fills out the story of King George V's passing over Curzon for the premiership for Stanley Baldwin. Actually the prize could not have been held by Curzon, for the leading Tories would not serve under him. But the fatal stroke was dealt by his friend Balfour, who was consulted by the King. Mr. Churchill displays an unqualified admiration for Balfour, "the best-mannered man I ever met," but his memory here is certainly at fault. He has forgotten Balfour's behavior after he as a free trader went over to the Liberals. Until the war reunited them there was plenty of fierceness toward the young man in the party leader's conduct and manner, as old members of Parliament can recall.

Mr. Churchill is less than just to Asquith—as the widow of that statesman has pointed out—in his reference to the dropping of Lord Haldane from the war Cabinet in 1915. The Tory leaders refused to enter a coalition if the Prime Minister meant to keep Haldane. Asquith was caught in a cleft stick, and he lacked the courage, or readiness, to confide in Haldane. Mr. Churchill is right in suggesting that Balfour was the man who could and should have saved Haldane from the wolves. There is a serious mistake in Mr. Churchill's reference to Asquith's behavior in the crisis of 1916, from which Lloyd George emerged as the dominant politician in Europe. Asquith did not, as Mr. Churchill says, misunderstand the offer made to him by the Conservative Cabinet ministers. The plain and proved fact is that Bonar Law, their trusted envoy, was intercepted by Lord Beaverbrook, who advised, or instructed, him to withhold that part of the message which Asquith would have described as the main and governing clause. This was one of the worst things in a bad episode.

Mr. Churchill is good at playing with the ifs of history. He once wrote a clever fantasy on the theme If Lee had won at Gettysburg. And so here; he wonders what might have happened if Stanley Baldwin, then an almost unknown politician, had not been chosen Premier in 1923. His answer is that the elections of that year and the next would have been avoided, there would have been no Labor government, and hence no Ramsay MacDonald bestriding the scene for six amazing years. Quite right; that is as good a guess as any. But then one may remark that the author of "Great Contemporaries" has more than once been almost within sight of the highest place.

The happiest pages in this volume are those devoted to the political eminences of late-Victorian England, so much greater and more attractive in Mr. Churchill's view than their successors. Now and again, it seems to me, Mr. Churchill slips in appreciation. He says of John Morley that he was in the first rank of the political speakers of his time. Morley was a fine flower of liberal culture, but first rank was beyond him. Occasionally, too, we come upon a sentence of pure nonsense—as, for instance, "Nature never draws a line without smudging it." A landscape painter on the side, Mr. Churchill must have looked at the sunset rays, the shadows, and the winter scene.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

An Impassioned Textbook

AN INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Random House. $5.

TO DISTINGUISH culture from civilization is an ancient and not unprofitable exercise. In his "History of Western Civilization" Dr. Barnes insisted mainly on "institutional developments." In this new work the emphasis is laid on "thought and culture." If Dr. Barnes were a Marxian of the strictest observance, he would know that "thought and culture" are mere epiphenomena, rigidly determined by social-economic conditions, and therefore that they hardly deserve independent treatment. I am by no means a fundamentalist myself; yet I believe that the separation between civilization and culture is highly artificial. Dr. Barnes's two works would gain considerably if they were blended. The result would be the all-embracing survey of collective activities in the past that Voltaire advocated and practiced two centuries ago, and that we call quaintly the "new history." No one expected Dr. Barnes's work to be as readable as Voltaire's, but in compensation Dr. Barnes knows many things that Voltaire never knew—for instance, the outcome of the coming world war.

It is difficult to review a monumental textbook; as a matter of fact, it is difficult to read a textbook. It will take a professor with a rod of iron, and stiff examinations at the end of the term, to make American youth plow through these 1,250 closely printed pages. What constitutes a textbook? It is not the abundance and accuracy of its information, for many scholarly works are fascinating. The curse of the textbook is the enormous preponderance of factual knowledge over thought and personality; it is the trick of stating vital problems and summing up the activities of living minds in cut-and-dried formulas that students, poor things, will have to memorize.

Dr. Barnes has many of the virtues of the textbook writer. His diligence as a compiler is unequaled. He turns out every year or so bulky tomes which embody the labor of several lives. But he does not have the temper of a historian. He is a born columnist, and a manufactured encyclopedist. History has not yet given her verdict about the Great War, and probably never will; but Dr. Barnes decides without scruples or

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qualms. I believe he wilfully ignores or distorts elementary facts that every schoolboy should know. Still, we might excuse, if not forgive, his being hasty and his being partial. The unpardonable sin in alleged scientific writing is a journalistic virulence that even George Sylvester Viereck would have scorned.

The same lack of scholarly calm, of philosophic perspective, is found in the prophecies with which Dr. Barnes closes his book. I do not blame him for indulging in prediction: forecasting is not anti-scientific; it is the test of scientific knowledge. We should have little faith in retrospective theories if they did not cast some faint light at least a few years ahead. But in his hypotheses about the future he remains the controversial journalist. As a citizen, he has the right to be a determined anti-fascist. As a scholar, his duty is to understand. Surely he does not want to revive "the myth of a guilty nation"? A hundred million educated Central Europeans are not all stark mad. "It is too much to believe that the *Homo sapiens* who has brought forth a Leonardo, a Shakespeare, a Beethoven, an Einstein, will allow fanatical obscurantism to plunge him after a million years into the suffering darkness of the sub-man." But can we forget that Shakespeare did his best work under a Virgin Führer?

Dr. Barnes crudely opposes fascism, communism, liberal democracy; he fails to consider the plain fact that under all regimes, totalitarian though they deem themselves to be, there are "sectors"—an expanding Communist sector even in America—our public roads, our public schools; a "liberal" sector expanding, I hope, even in Soviet Russia. This pluralism is a condition, not a theory; it has been brought out very clearly by such men as Léon Blum, Henri de Man, and Salvador de Madariaga. But it does not lend itself to impassioned eloquence.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Famous Birds

THE BIRDS OF AMERICA. By John James Audubon. With an Introduction and Descriptive Text by William Vogt. The Macmillan Company. $12.50.

THE famous Audubon bird plates can now be had for $12.50 at the corner bookstore—in astonishingly good reproductions for the price and included between the covers of an eleven-by-fourteen-inch volume. Recalling that a volume of the original plates now costs about $15,000, the reader will forgive many of the minor faults of the reprints. All the old favorites are here, even though a few are blurred around the edges and the colors are sometimes dimmed. The Booby Gannett turns his gaping, glaring profile over his jet-black back and tail; the Golden Eagle soars over the bleak mountains with the white rabbit in his talons; and the Wild Turkey, small of head and large of brown-black wing and tail, stalks through the underbrush.

The book includes 500 plates, of which 435 were reproduced from the finest uncut original "Elephant Folio" in America, published in London in the early 1800's, and the other 65 from a volume published in Philadelphia a few years later and called "Birds of America." William Vogt of the American Museum of Natural History has written a brief introduction about Audubon and about the way the beginner should get to know birds. Mr. Vogt has also written at the bottom of each plate a few words about each bird's range, favorite haunts, size, song, food, eggs, and—painting the lily with words—sometimes its distinguishing features.

To those who wish to use the book to identify birds, however, several words of caution must be spoken. The plates are arranged in the order of their original production—without any regard to the natural groupings of the birds themselves. For example, the Pine Warbler faces the Bald Eagle, and the Great Gray Owl peers down at the Mountain Plover. Modern bird books, of course, follow the so-called "check-list" order of the American Ornithologists' Union, which groups the species of each family together, ranging from the sea birds, at the beginning, through all the various families to the thrushes at the end. Nor does the new Audubon volume give any keys to color and structure which help the bird-lover to tag a find. Also the colors cannot be depended on. The Wood Thrush, for instance, comes out a much redder brown than he should, the Catbird a blacker gray.

But as a work of art, and as a supplement to the more prosaic handbooks of birds, "Birds of America" is an inexpensive treasure. And the liveliness, even the violent action, of Audubon's procession of birds is positively exciting as the pages are turned. Audubon broke with the traditions of his predecessors—and of many who lived after him—by drawing and painting as nearly as possible from life and in the open rather than from specimens mounted and stuffed. In spite of the occasional faults of color and line, the gorgeous qualities of the original folios—largely due to Audubon's accent on life—are recreated on a smaller scale in this book.

EVANS CLARK

History of the C. I. O.

C. I. O.: INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN ACTION. By J. Raymond Walsh. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

SOMETIMES it is hard to realize that as short a time ago as October, 1935, John P. Frey, cocksure spokesman for craft unionism, was maintaining on the convention floor of the A. F. of L. that industrial unionism belongs in the graveyard of oblivion where, according to him, so many industrial still births have already been buried. It is even harder to realize that the C. I. O., with all its upheaval and its deep social implications, is only two years old. Certainly the labor developments of the past two years constitute a turning-point in American history, and we must welcome so excellent a summary as Mr. Walsh has given us in this book. Without losing the excitement and surge of the events themselves, he has supplied for them an order not easily seen at the time of their occurrence. In brief, here is the scope of the book: an introductory sketch of the historical background of the C. I. O.; a chronicle of the progress during the past two years, especially in automobiles and steel; and a concluding analysis of the policies and tactics of the C. I. O. and of its economic and political potentialities.

Among the many virtues of this book are simplicity and clarity—the ability to pick the salient happenings out of the current turmoil and to cast them in direct, non-academic American language. The bright phrase, the trope, so seldom found in similar economic and sociological accounts, is often met with here: as in calling the style of John Lewis's oratory "baroque"; or in saying that the steel towns were shut down "tight as a tomb," and that the mills were "as empty as a Monday-morning church." Or in speaking of the boom years when "there were few whispers of unionism to disturb the serene rustle of accumulating profits." Or in describing the textiles as a "sick trade," showing the "hostile irritability of invalids." Or in referring to "dues dodgers" as "perpetual

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hitchhikers." More important, however, than the effective language and the tempo that reflects actuality is Mr. Walsh's frank sympathy with the C. I. O. And this sympathy results from his belief in the C. I. O. as a progressive force, as the logical agent for the spread of industrial democracy.

SAMUEL YELLEN

Toward an Improved Strategy

ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY. By Kenneth Burke. The New Republic. Two Volumes. $2.

THOSE who read "Permanence and Change" know that Kenneth Burke is a pertinent writer, but that he is never so caught by the eddies of current opinion that he loses the sense of large movements and ultimate directions. One could call him a philosopher of history and a cultural anthropologist. And his work is useful as a bridge between the labors of the men at several of the frontiers of research and a reading public which requires to have technical material made available to it.

It is a pity therefore that his work suffers from a serious defect. Joseph Wood Krutch, reviewing his previous book, called attention to its difficulty. Burke's thought is not difficult in itself. It is neither abstruse nor abstract. His concrete references leave no doubt as to the import of his generalizations. His terminology, though sometimes personal and strange, can always be understood through the context, and in this last book he supplies us with a dictionary of terms. The difficulty lies with his composition. Burke is interested in understanding the past and the present through an analysis of their symbolisms; he is also interested in showing concretely how literature is an instrument of adaptation to the system which produces it; and through genetic analysis he is also interested in showing up to us, without causing in us a cynical reaction, the frauds by which we live. No one, of course, need be told that he is obsessed with the problem of communication. All of these interests have a common nexus, and this is not hard to perceive. But the profusion of detail not explicitly related to the main argument, bulging out in parentheses, digressions, and long footnotes, produces a genuine bewilderment in the most attentive reader, which could be prevented through a more rigid architectonic. This could be achieved either by a sacrifice of "analytic radiations" (a Burkeian expression), or by the more difficult but more rewarding task of kneading these insights into the text.

Lack of space prevents a thorough criticism of the author's technique of diagnosis, but a word must be said about it. Burke's approach to symbolism is not susceptible of verification, and depends for its convincing force on his ability to make the reader perceive immediately the author's intuitions. This is to say that the method is essentially a-scientific if not unscientific. A generation of readers brought up on the facile technique of popularized psychoanalysis will no doubt find this method acceptable. But even those who look with suspicion on the explosions of an imagination uncontrolled by a scientific governor must frequently adjudge Burke's intuitions to be very happy hits indeed, often throwing a burst of light on the dark pockets of our social scene.

Burke offers not only a diagnosis but also a corrective, embodied in his notion of the "comic attitude." This consists in transcending, through a comparative analysis, our historic perspective. One thus gains a broad point of view and is able to avoid the evils which result from a unilateral drive toward partial objectives. A Marxist with Stalinist leanings, he does not seem to be an orthodox Communist. And his prescription is offered as a means of improving the propagandist strategy of the left, which he thinks tends to an over-materialistic approach.

Whether the corrective is adequate for its purpose is another problem the reviewer would like to discuss in full. It is possible that his approach would prove useless in practice in the face of the resistance offered by the intrenched opposition. Or that it might lead to a self-defeating opportunism. The intransigence of the left, in spite of the growing pragmatism of the Stalinists, is engendered, as no one needs be told, by the militant arrogance and cynical indifference of those at the controls. It is the Girdlers and the Greens that are responsible for fanaticism. But whether the corrective suggested proves useful or not, and in spite of its defects, "Attitudes Toward History" should be carefully read by those interested in bringing about a more humane and rational world.

ELISEO VIVAS

A Sad Song

LIFE IS MY SONG. By John Gould Fletcher. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

TODAY our writers have the habit of disgorging all they feel they have digested of experience. Novels, biographies, and autobiographies are rather embarrassingly intimate. Almost every literary figure of the older generation, and some in the younger, explains himself. Each seems to think he has come upon truth. And John Gould Fletcher is no exception. Like Edgar Lee Masters, Malcolm Cowley, Ezra Pound, and others he goes over the ground of the literary quarrels about the new forms of writing that developed in the "teens" and twenties. Already several books have discussed the rise and decline of the little literary movements that flourished between 1912 and 1930. Some day, doubtless, all this material about the imagist school and free verse, about Pound, Amy Lowell, and others, will be combed and clarified. Today it remains, in its several presentations, a collection of arguments from various sides, rather futile literary quarreling.

As a young poet Fletcher was taken up in England by the imagists. He was dominated by Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound. Later he believed that he sighted the Wasteland before or simultaneously with the myopic Eliot. His whole book is the complaint of a man at odds with his world. He admires Mussolini, dislikes Russia, retires in the end into the most perfect of all retreats—sectionalism of the good old Southern variety.

His relations with women point a little too neatly to an Oedipus complex; they were, probably, those of a rather too sensitive and indecisive expatriate who never quite knew what he sought. Freedom at this time, of course, consisted often in breaking with conventions, especially matrimonial conventions. But Fletcher, in the long run, found himself happier within marriage.

After reading these innumerable autobiographies of our "lost generation," one comes to the conclusion that it was well lost. These "lost" writers do not protect themselves; they insist on leaving their old selves hanging on a line like a wash never taken in and constantly gathering soot. Personal weakness, conceit, and intellectual immaturity are all exposed. Consequently one reads their memoirs with a kind of morbid fascination, saddened and annoyed. Is this what artists were like twenty years ago? Are they any better now?

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What relationship between individual and society brought into being all these sickly souls?

Fletcher is a romanticist who found life unromantic and who blamed his scene and not himself. His book is as sentimental as its title. It is, of course, interesting for its many portraits of famous people, but Fletcher like Masters is, alas, much more interested in himself than in the famous people he knew.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Terrifying Presence

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST. By Georges Bernanos. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

RARELY does a novel appear under so unattractive a title. We are very little interested, in present-day America at least, in fictional diaries and even less in priests. A century ago when Balzac used almost the same title the public's attitude was very different, and even today it is more hospitable to such works in France. But the persistent reader who is undeterred by the title will be deeply moved by this self-portrait of a frustrated soul.

All of Georges Bernanos's heroes have been priests, a fact which is due as much to his conception of the writer's mission as to his Jesuit education. To him the priest is "the man who once and for all has accepted the terrifying presence of God in his poor little life." In this novel there are several types of priest—the rugged shepherd of souls who talks like a provincial Ronald Knox, the mundane ecclesiastic who is simply the excellent executive of a large industry, and the errant defrocked priest who has found his level as a traveling salesman. Among them, judging them all, the anonymous young village priest lives and dies in a terrible spiritual isolation. Raised in the direst poverty, he has never known youth and has had no experience of normal life. His tormented body is a living chart of his peasant parents' alcoholic excesses, and his early death from cancer does not come as a surprise. Everything he touches goes wrong—the catechism class, the boys' sport club, his relations with the château. He has an uncanny gift for attracting to himself all the outcasts and misfits of society, perhaps because they resemble him so closely. As his friend the Curé de Torcy says, he is "the sort of man that injustice can smell a mile off." And yet without these handicaps he would not have advanced so far in devotion and self-sacrifice. His last words are: "Does it matter? Grace is everywhere . . ."

This unheroic hero is very close to Dostoevski's characters; he has the same complexity, the same sudden illuminations, and the same naivete of soul. In fact, he is deplorably naive in all human affairs but startlingly lucid where God is concerned. Upon his graduation from the seminary he is placed in charge of a village parish in the north of France, where he finds himself surrounded by ignorance, poverty, and that blind hatred and bitter malice which the Nobel prize-winner, Roger Martin du Gard, pictured under the ironic title of "Old France." His story, as he tells it himself, contains almost no detailed descriptions, yet the village and every character in it are eventually seen in the round. Few novels are less composed than "The Diary of a Country Priest," in which even the important facts are divulged by allusion and the action is constantly interrupted by long discussions of the church, poverty, God, medieval Christianity, and social injustice. In this respect too Bernanos reminds one of Dostoevski.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

An Early Indiscretion

THE MOTHER. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Elsa Krauch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THIS novel was first published here in 1930, and then "withdrawn," avowedly because of Mr. Asch's dissatisfaction with the first English translation. Meanwhile, the publishers state, "in other languages it has enjoyed by far the widest sale of any of the author's novels." Thus is found the pretext for republication in a new, authorized version. It is not likely, however, that translation alone ever makes or breaks a novel. Except in rare instances, and then only by a decadent distortion, the novel is not primarily a medium for the display of verbal virtuosity. The truth of the matter is that Sholem Asch has deservedly made an American name for himself since the original publication of "The Mother"; and therefore it is a fair guess that his publishers hope to find among his admirers a market for this "neglected" novel regardless of the merits of the new translation.

If "The Mother" was not neglected abroad, it is because it was escape literature to anyone who was sure that gold nuggets could be picked up in the streets of America, even in the twenties. (The great wave of immigration had then subsided only because of quotas.) To be sure, there is realism of a sort here—the presence or absence of realism does not determine escape literature. Mr. Asch does stop once in a while to mention that the rent comes due, that East Side tenements are not palaces, that the garment workers are sweated, and even that the bitter struggle to unionize the garment industry is beginning. But on the whole he skips blithely over the entire question of the economics of the melting-pot in order to offer a thin picture of the breaking away of the younger generation from the rigid religious customs and close family life to which Sarah Rifke and Ansel clung.

To an American public, accustomed to more vital novels of the melting-pot, "The Mother" must seem a weak performance. Asch moves his characters about in the most arbitrary fashion, without any regard for probability. He assembles his scenes with one purpose only: to show how the heartstrings of the mother are torn by the defections of her family, and how, in spite of all, she remains blindly and passionately devoted to their service. But because the situations are selected artificially, her devotion does not earn our credence. One has to return to the dime novel to find such gross melodrama as the episode in which Mosesleben, lost in a snowstorm, is saved by his mother's ghost. On the other hand, there is true pathos in the scene in which Sarah mourns on the doorstep of her adulterous daughter. But such incidental virtues cannot redeem a book that must be considered an indiscretion of a novelist who has since struck far deeper and more vital notes.

HAROLD STRAUSS

A Plausible Princeps

AUGUSTUS. By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

AUGUSTUS was born two thousand years ago, but this biography is welcome not only as a fascinating human record but for the example it gives of constructive political designing of a very high order. The Roman Republic had been wrecked by the quarrels that arose between the senate and the democratic leaders after the days of the Gracchi. Julius Caesar adopted the facile panacea of a dictatorship, which brought a plausible peace but would in a few generations have reduced the empire to a futile servitude. Then Augustus came to

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power. He renounced autocracy, proclaimed a restoration of the republican constitution, reformed the senate, with which he divided administrative duties, and in his own share of the work offered an example of clean and efficient government. It was Augustus who, putting an end to imperialistic expansion, reshaped the army into an organ of peaceful administration, built up an efficient civil service, and destroyed the old system of exploitation that had disgraced senatorial government in the provinces; it was he who worked out the first program of social reforms and insisted upon a decent observance of rights of property, thereby restoring respect for honest work.

John Buchan's biography is a book of sane judgments. The author knows the sources thoroughly; he has scrupulously weighed the arguments of the most recent discussions that have appeared in technical journals, and has usually found the correct answer; and being a man of very wide experience in political matters, he has been able to present the significant deeds with penetrating understanding. Augustus emerges as a plausible *princeps* of extraordinary ability and accomplishments. After the recent appearance of numerous romanticized biographies of ancient characters it is pleasant to read one written in clear and responsible English and with a respect for the importance of the subject. Needless to say, John Buchan reveals no sympathy for the purposive biographies which are using the Augustan anniversary by way of promoting propaganda for a misplaced nationalism, for imperialism, or for autocratic forms of government, all of which Augustus himself would have rejected with impatience.

TENNEY FRANK

Economics Simplified

ECONOMICS FOR EVERYBODY. By Mervyn Crobaugh. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

MR. CROBAUGH has written a chatty little book about the development of economic thought which is both readable and instructive. One of the best things about his approach to the subject is an awareness of the relation between economic thinking and the actual economic conditions prevailing at any time. This is a refreshing change from the point of view of the general run of doctrinal histories, which treat economists as though they were a race apart, living and meditating in a world of their own.

I found the first half of "Economics for Everybody," bringing the story down to the emergence of the utility school, rather more satisfactory than the second half. The maze of schools, sects, and schisms which are assigned to the past seventy years or so is confusing even to the initiated. This is particularly the case since Mr. Crobaugh has to a considerable extent used labels without identifying the victims. I have tried to place some of the better-known economists of recent times in one or another of Mr. Crobaugh's schools and have generally had to come to the conclusion that they belonged to several or none. For example, most of the Cambridge economists since Marshall might be labeled "marginal-utility," or "orthodox," or "mathematical-and-business-cycle" economists. Some of Mr. Crobaugh's types are rather definitely straw men at whom he enjoys poking sly fun. Sometimes this is entertaining, and at worst it is harmless.

On the whole it may be said that Mr. Crobaugh has succeeded surprisingly well in avoiding the pitfalls incident to extreme simplification and abbreviation.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

THE ARTS

Art for All of Us

IN THE world of music, if not of art, we have gradually accepted mechanical reproduction. Though most of us would still prefer to listen to the conducting of a Toscanini at first hand in Carnegie Hall, thousands of cultured people are not ashamed to be pleased with it over the radio. As mechanical facilities have improved, we find the great conductors themselves aiding in the making of phonograph records, and the more informed journals publishing critical listings.

It is time that an analogous attitude be taken toward art. In recent years some of the very best artists have availed themselves of new mechanical and marketing facilities to put their products within popular reach. In this field, in fact, it is not necessary to settle the controversy over the sufficiency of reproductions, since the new black and white prints, at least, are originals.

A brief survey shows the following sources of art at popular prices:

First, for black and whites, original works of art. Most heavily advertised are the Associated American Artists, 420 Madison Avenue, New York. The association sends out a free catalogue of small reproductions. The general level of its offerings is on the flat popular plane, with honorable exceptions. Among the better prints still available at this writing, the reviewer liked winter landscapes by Dehn, Fiene, and Doris Lee; Ruellan's Mending the Nets, and some of the prints by Costigan, Hoffman, and Peggy Bacon. The uniform price is $5 apiece, with privilege of return and exchange.

A considerably higher general level is represented in the catalogue of the American Artists' Group, 106 Seventh Avenue, New York. These are likewise originals, produced under the artists' supervision, and selling for $2.75 apiece. Here the range is remarkably wide, from the Sail Boat by Marin to Queer Fish by Mabel Dwight, and from the deep brooding Landscape in Spain of Castellon to the raucous Coney Island Beach by Reginald Marsh. The low price would seem to put prints such as these in the realm of the irresistible.

Still a third method of obtaining cheap prints is in the form of "membership prints" distributed to dues-paying members of print societies. Among such organizations are the Society of American Etchers, the Chicago Society of Etchers, the Print Makers' Society of California, and numerous others whose addresses could probably be obtained by writing to the publication *Prints*, 1819 Broadway, New York. The book of the year on prints is Carl Zigrosser's "Six Centuries of Fine Prints," which carries its highly competent and interesting discussion of all branches of the graphic art right into the present day.

The reproduction of paintings in full color presents a more controversial problem. Is the original nearly equaled, is its force seriously diminished, or is it destroyed? Among the many possible answers is the modest one, "it depends." Reproductions seem to affect different paintings in different degree. For example, there is Van Gogh. For all the apparent simplicity of his attack, the reproductions seem to lose him

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and present a caricature. One obvious reason is that his paint was put on thick, and the flat paper loses both the deep brilliance and the play of shadows on the strokes themselves. In certain other artists' paintings the loss is imperceptible, and the chief loss is the idea of owning an original.

The leading publishers of color reproductions in the United States are Raymond and Raymond, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York, who have also with the aid of the Carnegie Corporation published a two-volume catalogue of all available color reproductions of masterpieces. The service to which attention should particularly be called, however, is that of Living American Art, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York. In their own gallery these pictures show up exceedingly well. The deeply lustrous Flower Vendor of Raphael Soyer, the Senate by Gropper, the Boat by Peter Blume, Kuniyoshi's Still Life, and Marsden Hartley's Fish House are all tempting to see. The work was done by Jaffe of Vienna under the personal supervision of Adolph Dehn, and the choice for purposes of reproduction was excellent. Each picture costs $5.

But the chief news about Living American Art is its rental service. The details may be had from the firm itself; briefly, what it amounts to is that for $2.50 a month you have two or more different pictures in your own house every month, and at the end of the year you can keep four as your own. Those already acquainted with a wide range of modern pictures might prefer to save an equivalent amount of money for originals; but such a service has quite an advantage to those who desire a fairly intimate acquaintance with a number of artists before they make permanent choices.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

RECORDS

THIS is not a Consumers' Union report on phonographs —that is, on all phonographs. Some readers have asked about superlative record reproduction, and I will give them, not every way of getting it, but one way—the one that I happen to know. Other readers have asked about good reproduction at a moderate or low price, and here again I will mention only the instruments I have been able to hear. If I hear others later on I will report on them.

I know superlative reproduction only from a Scott radiophonograph in the home of a friend. More exactly, I know it from the instrument as it is today, after more than a year's experiments with changes to remove defects in the reproduction given by the instrument as it came from the factory. And here are the present specifications: The cabinet is the Scott Waverley, placed either in a corner or 7½ inches from a wall. In this cabinet are the Scott twenty-three-tube amplifier, radio tuner, auditorium speaker, high-fidelity speakers, and volume expander; and to these is added the following phonograph equipment: the motor and turntable (with necessary hardware and capacitor) used in Victor phonograph R-99, and an Astatic Trutan pickup, model B-10. All this comes to approximately $400, for which one has, incidentally, a superb radio receiver.

More than a year's experience and experiment (unaided by the Scott booklet) have demonstrated that every one of the preceding components is essential to the reproduction I am now concerned with—and not only the components themselves but the following details of their installation. For the motor a metal plate roughly ⅛ inch thick, 9 inches long, and 6 inches wide is attached to the upper surface of the motor-board, the necessary holes being bored through both board and plate; and what is important here is that the motor does not touch the lower surface of the motor-board. Most important is the alignment of the pickup, which is set, on sponge rubber, so that (1) the needle touches the record on the turntable (not the turntable without the record) at a point 19/32 inch beyond the center of the spindle; (2) the needle makes a 60-degree angle with the record (not with the turntable), in a plane perpendicular to the record; and (3) the needle, when placed on the blank outer rim and the blank inner area of a moving record, does not tend to slide to one side or the other but remains stationary in each area (one tests this with an older record that has such blank areas). And when, finally, a record is being played, the bass control is turned to maximum and the high-fidelity control is turned 90 degrees from minimum. It is important that the surface of the record be absolutely clean.

If I did not know the Scott I think I should enjoy the Magnavox Symphony at $134.50, a well-engineered and well-sounding instrument with, for example, independent controls for bass and treble—and incidentally a real bass and treble to control. The person who cannot afford more than $69.50 will get from the Magnavox Concerto, a table model, reproduction that is surprisingly good for an instrument of that size, but no more than what an instrument with so small a power output, speaker, and cabinet can give. Both models are phonographs; the Symphony comes with provision for attachment of a radio tuner at $143.50; the Concerto can be had with a built-in radio tuner for $89.50. The Chairside, at $124.50, is also a combination instrument, with a larger speaker and better reproduction.

I said that I have heard superlative reproduction from the Scott; actually what I have heard, for hours at a time, has been the horrible sound of the first playings of new Columbia, Decca, and now even Victor records until the loose residue has been removed. The only way of avoiding this was to use chromium needles, which I did not and still do not like to use. In sheer desperation I used one with Columbia's new set of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (four records, $6); it enabled me to play through the set without pain; and in this case it also improved what, with ordinary steel and cactus needles, is an inadequate recording of the color and sparkle of Gieseking's playing.

Victor offers an album (five records, $9) of Hindu music played by Shan-Kar's musicians. This is very evidently a complex and sophisticated music; it is also—one learns from Basanta Koomar Roy's notes—a music as subtly meaningful and moving as our own, but only to the people for whom its conventions are a native musical language; and I am not one of those people.

Nor am I one of those for whom eighteenth-century music is necessarily better than nineteenth—which is just as silly as the more widely held notion that nineteenth must be better than eighteenth. Boyce's Symphonies, therefore, on nine Timely records ($13.50), give me only moderate pleasure; they are, as music of their period, without the impress of a highly individual artistic personality that one hears in Ernest Bloch's Sonata for Violin and Piano. Gamut has issued this superb work in an excellent performance by Harold and Marion Kahn Berkley (four records, $6).

Phonographs have left insufficient space for Stokowski's "Boris" and Bach again.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Don't Blame France

Dear Sirs: Anyone familiar with Robert Dell's inveterate prejudices might expect that he would make democratic France responsible for the tragic situation in Europe. (See his article Fascism's Debt to Paris, in *The Nation* of November 20.) Mr. Dell has adopted France as his second country, but he is far more French than the French themselves. One half of France is always denouncing the other half, but Mr. Dell, with fine impartiality, agrees with both, and curses them equally. I think he is perfectly right in asserting that a more vigorous foreign policy on the part of the leftist governments would have averted the unquestioned supremacy of the dictators. But I do not believe that the leftists are to blame for the feeble and vacillating attitude to which they were reduced.

Poincaré pinned his faith on rigorous methods. This led him into the Ruhr—a blunder which liberal opinion condemned everywhere, and which made Franco-German reconciliation almost unthinkable. The *Cartel des Gauches* overthrew Poincaré in 1924 and reversed his policy. For the last thirteen years their guiding principles have been to seek every possible means of restoring friendly relations with Germany, and never again to take any decisive step without the full concurrence of the British government. Their intentions were unimpeachable. Unfortunately Germany was no longer in the mood for amicable cooperation; every concession from France was interpreted as the tribute of fear and served as an incentive for further bullying. And France could not rely on the wholehearted sympathy of England.

Thus the policy of the French left was doomed: Germany paralyzed friendliness, and England checked the use of force. The "blunders" listed by Mr. Dell were committed with open eyes and a heavy heart, but there was no other way. The French knew that the Four-Power Pact was a trap. They refused to walk into it; the very proper reservations they proposed made the pact inoperative. But the mere fact of having considered it at all alienated Poland. Yet how could they refuse to discuss it, without forfeiting the sympathies of England? In the same way, they could not, at any time take effective measures against German rearmament, even with the help of Poland and of the Little Entente. This would have been called in Anglo-Saxon countries another Ruhr, a preventive war, the heavy foot of the French military on the neck of a prostrate Germany. Again, I believe it was almost suicidal for France not to call the bluff of the dictators and exercise its legal right to help the legitimate government of Spain. But Blum was notified that if this led to a conflict with Italy or Germany, he could not count upon England's assistance.

With every opportunity missed by the democracies, the situation grew irretrievably worse. At one time Mussolini and Hitler were at odds over the Anschluss; now the question has been shelved, and the Rome-Berlin axis is firm. Success attracts one nation after another into the camp of the dictators. And in France itself the conservatives, once rabidly and stupidly anti-German, are now frankly the apologists and allies of Hitler and Mussolini.

The main cause of the trouble is to be found in England, not in France. I am not reviving the old accusation of "perfidious Albion." I fully sympathize with those Englishmen who, like ourselves, are averse to "entangling alliances." They are justified, as we are justified, in refusing to be committed to "France, right or wrong." But peace is unthinkable until England and America are committed to the defense of international law and order. Quibble as we may, it is not difficult to define an aggressor; Litvinov and President Roosevelt have done it already. But to accept a clear-out principle and pledge one's self to its support is, we are told, a form of radicalism alien to the Anglo-Saxon tradition. England must preserve its sacred right to muddle through.

ALBERT GUERARD

Palo Alto, Cal., December 10

Swiss Democracy

Dear Sirs: If Switzerland really had retreated from democracy, as Peter Brown asserted in a recent issue of *The Nation,* the initiative that was to legislate Masonic lodges and other secret societies out of existence would have been passed in the election of a few days ago instead of being defeated almost two to one. The initiative had been sponsored by the fascist elements, which are actively supported by the totalitarian states. In this case, the decisive victory of democracy over fascism is the more remarkable because the lodges have been unpopular with a large body of the population for some time and enjoyed, of course, the hereditary enmity of the Catholic church. Nevertheless, with the exception of the canton of Fribourg, dominated by its Catholic university, every canton rejected the initiative.

A few words in regard to the movement that started in Geneva for outlawing the Communist Party, which is being extended now to extreme fascist parties as well. Three of the largest Swiss cities—Zurich, Berne, and Basel—have had Socialist administrations for years and have not fared badly under the workers' regime. Geneva, however, had to endure a much more radical, that is, Communist, leadership that comprised questionable elements who pushed their utterly incompetent friends into office. Threatened bankruptcy and excursions of the leaders into foreign politics incompatible with the Swiss constitution and policy necessitated federal intervention.

At times democracy has to adopt new ways for its own protection and survival, even going so far as to forsake the path of extreme tolerance. This procedure, however, has nothing in common with dictatorship, either left or right wing. Switzerland is not a radical democracy, but it certainly is and will remain democratic or cease to exist as an independent state.

WALTER BLOCH-HILLER

Zurich, Switzerland, December 4

Housing and Confidence

Dear Sirs: A group of bewildered and rather resentful men recently gathered in the city of Washington to discuss with prominent New Dealers what might well be designated the crux of the present national economic headache—the construction industry in general and the housing situation in particular. Despite the undeniable need for housing, the market has shrunk appreciably in the past year. What can be done?

It is axiomatic of course, that to widen the market the product must be cheapened. Undoubtedly to reach a large percentage of American workers a home to cost around $2,000 must be

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offered. But to try to do that by hammering down the wages of the skilled building mechanic would tend to shrink the market still further, it being logical to expect that other workers' wages in allied lines would be forced down also.

The papers state that it is proposed to use RFC funds and match them dollar for dollar with private capital to establish loan and mortgage associations; the long-term amortization-plan loan is to carry the load of a housing program. The idea seems to be that the proper way to revive a major industry affecting practically the whole population is for the greater part of said population to put themselves in hock for the next twenty years or more in order to get a place to live. There can be no guaranty of course under our modern profit set-up of the duration of one's job. And the recent sad experience of many a little guy has been that Uncle Sam through his H.O.L.C. and Farm Credit Bureau has been as tough in foreclosing as most of the private loan sharks. By what method, then, are these millions of potential small home buyers going to acquire confidence in the future? For certainly confidence is a basic requisite before one ties the mortgage rope around one's neck.

A working population receiving uniformly good wages, with a reasonable margin over and above basic living requirements, and possessing an abiding faith in the continuation of job and wages, will buy homes. But keep them at a subsistence level facing perennial lay-offs, and the takers will be mighty few. CHARLES SLATER

Chico, Cal., December 1

Not So Spotless Cleaners

Dear Sirs: The League of Women Shoppers has investigated and is now supporting the Spotless Cleaners' strike. This strike has peculiar importance as an illustration of the interrelated interests of worker and consumer and of the inability of the National Labor Relations Board to tackle successfully a hard-boiled and uncompromising employer. The rising consumers' movement sometimes loses sight of the connection between prices that safeguard the consumer's pocket-book and working conditions that inevitably produce inferior goods or work. Spotless Cleaners, "humanely" lowering its prices to 29 cents and 19 cents a garment so that the poor may be served, produces notoriously inferior work; and its customers have no redress.

But "our help don't want no union," says Louis Denberg, head of the company. Meanwhile the strike, called by Local 239 of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and demanding union recognition and very modest improvements in the former sweatshop hours and wages, has entered its fourth month. Denberg is not afraid because in the slack season business is little affected by picketing. The NLRB's subpoena concerns him not at all. He has no intention of answering it, stubbornly insisting that his business is wholly intrastate. The Labor Board is friendly to the strikers, but so bound by red tape that no help is forthcoming there. Local 239's contract expires March 31, and Denberg plans to worry along till then. The deadlock is pretty nearly perfect.

KATHARINE DUNN

New York, December 14

Mr. Herskovits Replies

Dear Sirs: Your issue of November 6 containing Dr. Lips's remarks about my review of his book, "The Savage Hits Back," has just reached me. First, as to my objection to his having endowed primitive man with a special "prelogical mentality." The phrase has current usage among those who hold that primitive man thinks differently from civilized man; it is particularly associated with the name of Professor Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Dr. Lips's own phrase, "otherlogic," which is awkward and apparently drawn *ad hoc,* occurs on page 45. But on page 44 we read: " . . . the associative thinking of native tribes, their logical notions of cause and effect are of a very different order from our logic of causation [Lévy-Bruhl]. Their individuality is a correlation with the community, not a contrast, as in modern society." If this is Professor Lips's position, then I can only point out that he was in error in *not* employing the correct designation "prelogical mentality."

Dr. Lips's "lack of appreciation of the toughness of native cultures"—refuted in his letter by a wave of the hand toward the title of his book—is revealed in such statements as (page 9) "the collapse of native civilization and life caused by white penetration in Africa," and (page 72) " . . . the appearance of the ship from foreign shores . . . always initiated the annihilation of native civilization."

With respect to the origin of masks, I did not make a "categorical denial" of Dr. Lips's explanation, as is claimed, but merely said that "it cannot be established . . . that 'the making of masks originated in the worship of the dead,' " the reason being that there are a dozen ways in which masks might have originated. But Dr. Lips, his hypothesis having crystallized in his mind, now demands that I "produce evidence to support my position"!

About the Zombies—since I didn't mention them in my review and I cannot find them in Dr. Lips's book, the subtlety of the allusion escapes me.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

London, England, November 21

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Correction—In the article How to Win an Election, by Helen Woodward, in *The Nation* of December 11, the sentence "The Tydings-Miller bill stopped some of this abuse but not all of it" should have read, "The Robinson-Patman bill . . ."

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